THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIV.—No. 1611

OCTOBER 30, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/-

"THEIR NATIVE HEATH": QUEEN'S CLUB

The Chairman Always Asks Twice . . .—By Mirón

"Luvisca" REG.
SHIRTS
SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS, STORES AND ALL AUSTIN REED SHOPS.

Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept 8M), 16 St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

LUVISCA SHIRTS
in striped designs or plain shades including 2 collars
10/6 each.

LUVISCA PYJAMAS
in striped designs or plain shades
17/6 each.

Garments made to measure subject to special quotation.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

Luvisca COURTAULDS

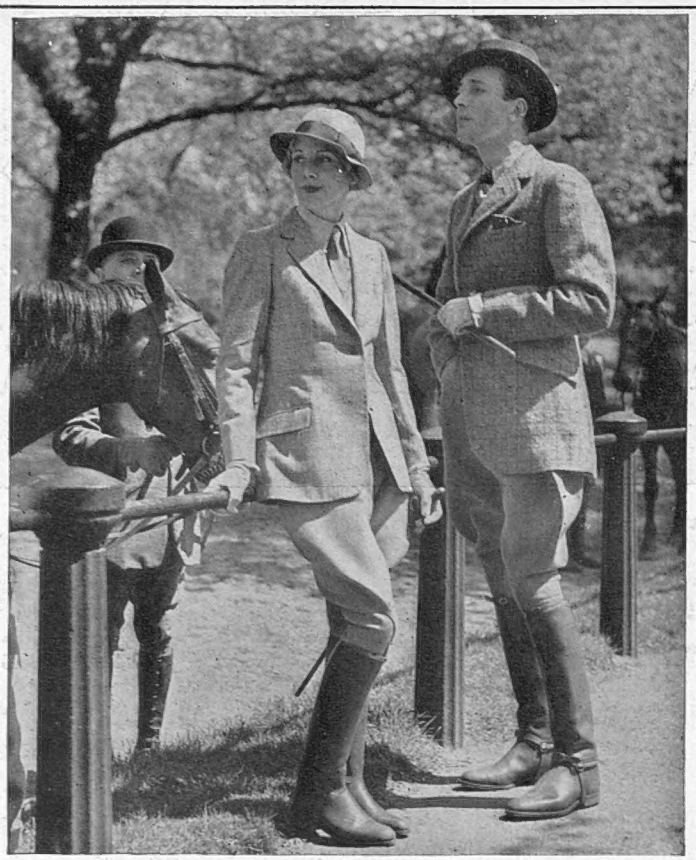
BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
CHAMPAGNE
1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

THE MOST FAMOUS
BÉNÉDICTINE
LIQUEUR

HYERES
The Paradise of the Riviera
THE GOLF HOTEL
Famous Links 18 holes. Four Tennis. Private park of 70 acres.
Rates no higher than similar class hotel in England.
Same Management
MARSEILLES. HOTEL SPLENDIDE

George Goulet
CHAMPAGNE
GG

St. Moritz
ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND, 6,000 ft. alt.
THE ORIGINAL HOME OF WINTER SPORTS.
THE BIG FIVE:
Leading Hotels with Own Private Ice Rinks:—
THE GRAND HOTEL—THE KULM HOTELS—THE SUVRETTA—THE PALACE—THE CARLTON



An Illustrated Catalogue of RIDING OUTFITS for Men, Women and Children will be sent on request.

MOSS BROS

& CO. LTD.

COVENT GARDEN

(CORNER OF KING ST. & BEDFORD ST.), W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines).

VAPEX WILL STOP THAT COLD

A drop on your handkerchief, breathed often, carries healing vapours into the nose and throat, relieving congestion and killing the germs.

V.116

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)

TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.

Lew Leslie's BLACKBIRDS OF 1934

A HARLEM RHAPSODY.

HOTELS

SUNNY SOUTH CALLING

If you choose the Royal Victoria, you will be surprised to find that a hotel so up-to-date can be so homely. So near to the sea and yet so sheltered. So luxurious and yet so moderate in price. You cannot guess how comfortable and easy life can be until you stay there. Lift. 100 bedrooms with Hot and Cold water. 4½ gns. weekly. Also private suites. Central and electric heating.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL

MARINA, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. *Tel.: Hastings 869.*

CADOGAN HOTEL

SLOANE STREET LONDON

Private suites. Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Telephone in all rooms.

Telephone: Sloane 7141. *Telegrams: 'Nagodac, Knights, London.'*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BALEARIC ISLANDS.

Majorca.—Formentor Hotel.—Full board from 15 shillings per day upwards—patronized by Royalty.

Mallorca, English Guesthouse.—All sports. M. Scott, 90 Cuesta Bonanova, Palma, Baleares, España.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Le Zoute Knocke: The Golf Hotel—"Always Open." Inclusive winter terms 10/-.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Guernsey.—Moore's Queen's Hotel.—Fully licnsd., with H. & C. running water. Central. 3 Gns. to end of June. 4 Gns. summer. A.A.

Jersey.—Woodville Hotel.—Recently mod. H. & C. running water. Elec. light. Special after Season Terms now available. Res. prop.

FRANCE.

Paris. Bohy-Lafayette, nr. Opera. Sq. Montholon—Com. of de luxe hotl. lowest rates. Apply for illus. tariff to J. Bohy, Mng. Dir.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best Hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Miramar.—
300 rooms all with bath.
The Leading Hotel of the Riviera.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Juan-les-Pins.—**"Les Ambassadeurs."**—Open 1932; facing beach and casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class, 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

Versailles.—"Le Home Versaillais," 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st class installation. Moderate terms.

ITALY.

Rome.—Hotel Palace Ambassadeurs.—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comft. Very special reduced rates.

Albissola Marina Savona—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Milano.**—Cen. heating. Run. water, warm & cold in all rms. Full wkly. Pens. £2.0.0

Capri.—Where Winter is Spring.—**Quisisana Grand Hotel.**—The Best on the Sea. G. Izzo, Managing Proprietor.

Lavagna—(Italian Riviera)—**Hotel Nazionale**—On the sea. Cen. heat. Cold and warm run. water in all rms. Good cuisine. Pens. Lire 20.

Rapallo Genoa—Hotel Riviera Splendida—Pension-Restaurant, Open the whole year. Moderate terms. Possessor Cav. A. Bottinelli.

Sestri Levante (Italian Riviera).—**Hotel Nettuno.**—Extraordinary position on the Sea. All comforts. Pension, Lire 23.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond.—First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Lausanne—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

The Bystander, October 30, 1934

The BYSTANDER

No. 1611. Vol. CXXIV.

Pearl Freeman

THE LADY ANNE HUNLOKE

A new portrait of the Duke of Devonshire's youngest daughter, whose husband is Mr. Henry Hunloke, only son of Sir Philip Hunloke, Groom-in-Waiting to the King since 1911. They were married in 1929, have a son, Timothy, aged two, and a daughter, Philippa, aged four, and live in Montagu Square. Lady Anne Hunloke is Chairman of the Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House, to be held to-morrow, in aid of the Y.W.C.A.

Two Stage Stars Go All

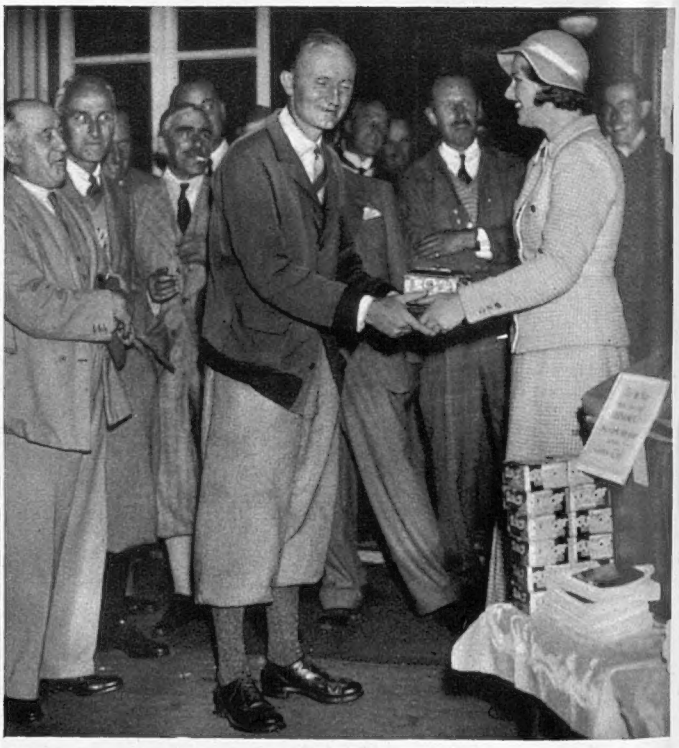
Heather Thatcher and June Clyde with Neil Pearce at the opening lunch at Villa Rodet, the transformed Chatham Grill, which is now named after the famous Russian restaurant of Imperial Court days

Above: Mr. Robert Garratt, Princess Paul Troubetzkoy, and Capt. Gordon Halsey having supper at the Carlton. Princess Paul Troubetzkoy's new book, "Exodus A.D.," is just out; C. R. W. Nevinson has done a frontispiece for it of which the original was shown in his Exhibition the other day

ROUND ABOUT...

Tuesday Night is Carlton Night

Mr. B. Hardy, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Mr. David McCall arriving at the Carlton for last week's Tuesday night special



The "Star" Foursomes

Left: the West Hill team, which beat Sunningdale in the finals, were G. D. Hannay, Capt. G. A. Moxon W. A. Murray, the captain, T. F. B. Law, C. R. Chronander, and F. E. B. Moritz

Above: Miss de Montmorency presenting the silver casket to W. A. Murray, the West Hill captain, after his team's victory. The "Star" Foursomes were played at Royal Mid-Surrey

Russian for Luncheon

Actor Son and Pianist Father

Above: Schnabel, the famous pianist, watching his son Stefan make up for his part as Willoughby in "Richard II.," at the Old Vic. Schnabel is giving a series of seven recitals at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoons

As You Desire Me?

Jean Forbes-Robertson coping with one of those most intractable of creatures—a model yacht. It is a model of the Endeavour, and was presented to her to commemorate her first success as actor-manager at the Royalty, by the producer of "As You Desire Me." She sails it on the Round Pond

Right: Merle Oberon and Joseph Schenck photographed together at the first night of "Theatre Royal," just after the announcement of their broken engagement had appeared in the evening papers. Merle Oberon goes to Hollywood for a film as soon as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is finished

Sasha

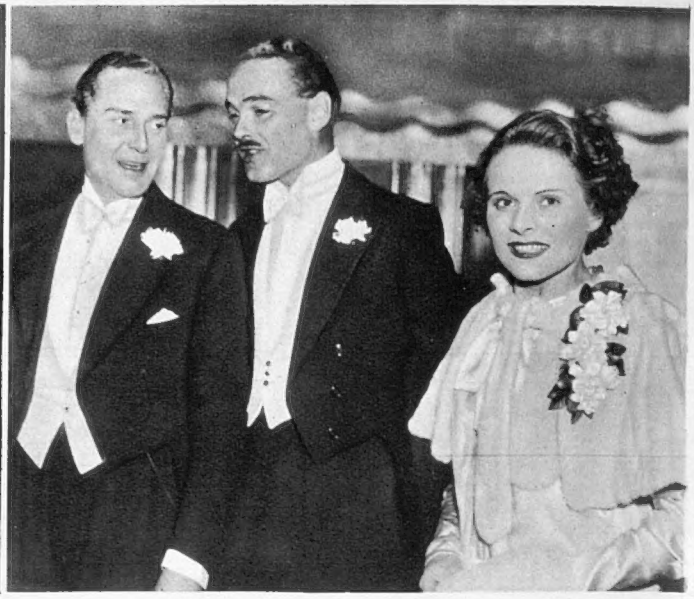
A Broken Engagement

Below, right: Lotte Lehmann photographed during the interval of her Lieder recital at the Queen's Hall last week. It was one of the series of Tuesday Subscription Concerts

Music News

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Ralli, who are both extremely well-known in the musical world, were at the Lotte Lehmann concert

John C. Wilson, who is presenting the new Ferber-Kaufmann play at the Lyric, Mrs. G. E. Calthrop, who is responsible for the attractive décor, and Noel Coward, the producer, looking delighted with the way the first night was going



Above, right: Arthur Margetson, the actor Victor Malcolm and Mrs. Victor Malcolm (Ann Todd) were in the audience, which was a fairly theatrical one

Left: Lady Smiley, tiara-ed, ermine-wrapped and rose-sprayed, waits for her husband, Sir Hugh Smiley, while he collects their tickets from the box office

Right: Isabel Jeans was another actress at the first night of this private-life-of-stage-stars play; she is with Richard Rose

"Theatre Royal"

First-Nighters at the Lyric

On the right are Lord and Lady Plunket arriving together. Extreme right: Lord and Lady Ratendone; she was Mary Foster before her marriage to Lord Willingdon's son

Photographs by Swaebe

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 74.

Tilly Losch

Potted by Charles Gay

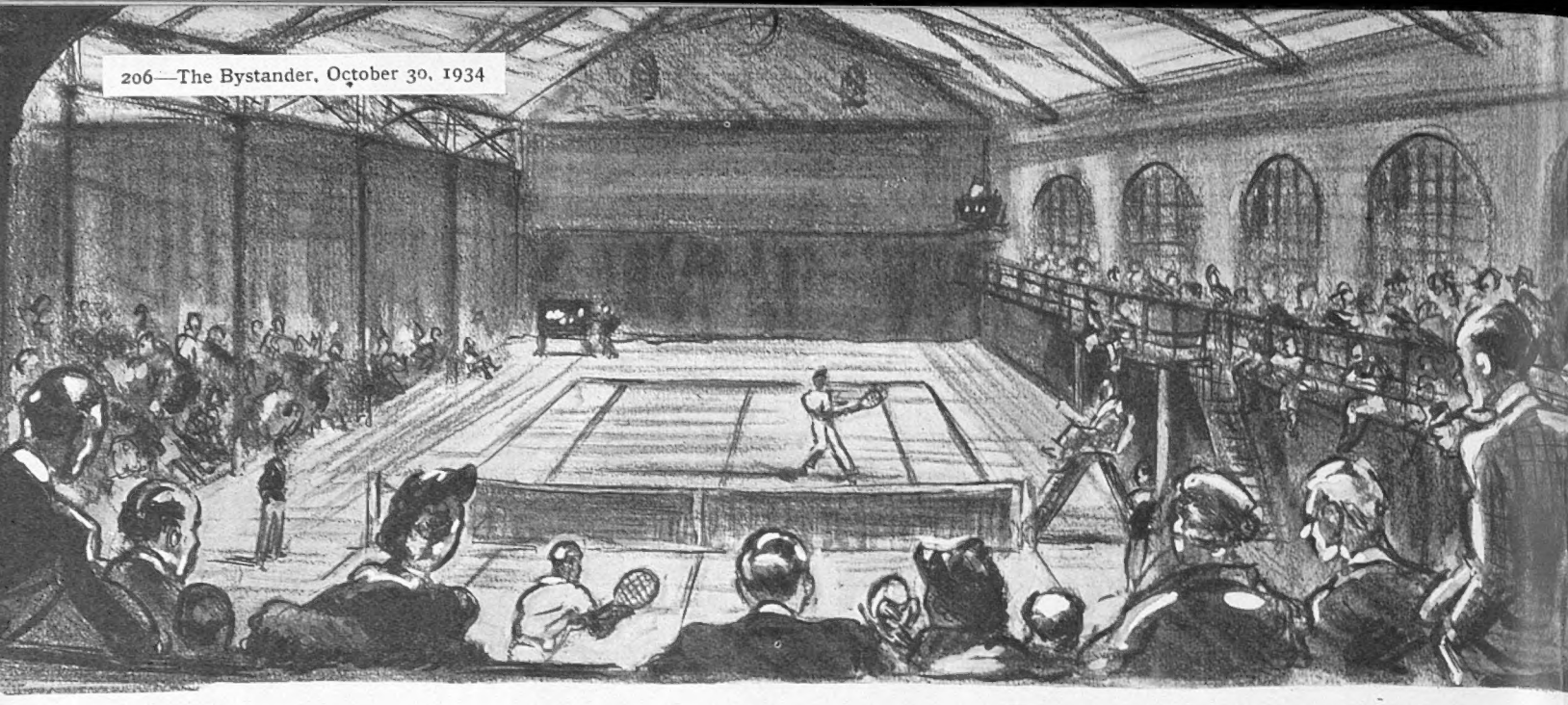
Caricatured by Sirra

OTTILIE LOSCH has a grave young voice. It has only once been heard on the stage—during the try-out of *Streamline*, at Manchester. But her hands—they converse exquisitely both on and off the stage. They coax, they reprove, they exaggerate, they explain, they bridle, they droop, they become perplexed, they pout, they smile, and they can be very sad. You might think that she would take great pains with them. But she only has a manicure casually when she is having her hair fixed. For the rest of the time she does her best to keep her hands still. She sees so many women trying to pose theirs that it makes her almost self-conscious of her own. And yet there she will sit, curled up in a large armchair, and, before she knows where she is, they will describe in a butterfly obligato—or perhaps one should call it a living fresco—anything from a stage-manager to the swing-door of a hotel.

WITH her green, slanting eyes, she is rather cat-like, and, cat like, enjoys being stroked and made a fuss of, before walking away all shy. She likes any sort of person, but loathes being on intimate terms with anyone. She never wants to have anyone have any right over her again. She does not even like people to sit close to her. In conversation she can only concentrate on one person, and hates to have people listening to her if they are not taking part in the conversation. (" It frightens me to death already.") The theatre is a passion with her. She wants to move the scenery, sit in the pit, do stage door-keeper, and fix the lighting all at the same time. She hates taxis, motor-cars, trains, and all forms of travelling, except big ships. Every day she practises for two hours beyond Baron's Court, under the eye of Nicolas Legat. At night, after the show, she goes to a party or the Savoy Grill: usually the latter.

THOUGH always talking about dieting (she has discarded at least fifteen after a day's trial of each), she is devoted beyond reason to Neapolitan ices, a special chocolate-and-whipped-cream biscuit known as Indiana Krapfen, and stewed beef with horse-radish sauce. (" But then, I like eating altogether.") She is exceedingly stupid about games, daren't ride or skate, because they develop the wrong muscles, is fond of swimming, and adores Garbo films. Tilly would love to play the piano, sculpt, sing, and paint. She can do none of these things. She is also longing to be a comédienne and have people laugh at her. She looks best in navy blues and wine reds, smokes a lot of cigarettes, sighs deliciously, and hates black cats. But you 'd never guess that a Viennese would read Greek philosophy. And, indeed, she is very coy about anyone knowing of this. She cannot yet pronounce " th," and often says " Ya " for " Yes." She has a handwriting very like Bernard Shaw's. Above all, she is terrifically superstitious. She must always go into the theatre with her right foot forward. If she sees a chimney-sweep she must hold a button of her dress until she sees a white horse. She crosses her fingers if she meets a cross-eyed man, and has just learnt with delight that if you wish to hurt someone, you write his name on a piece of paper and then keep it under your heel in your shoe until it has disintegrated. You don't have slanting eyes for nothing.

C



The famous covered lawn tennis court at Queen's, drawn from the Members' Gallery, showing a big match in progress, with a temporary stand erected on the left on another court housed under the same roof

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and their Patrons

No. 18. Queen's Club

By Charles Graves

Sketches by John Reynolds

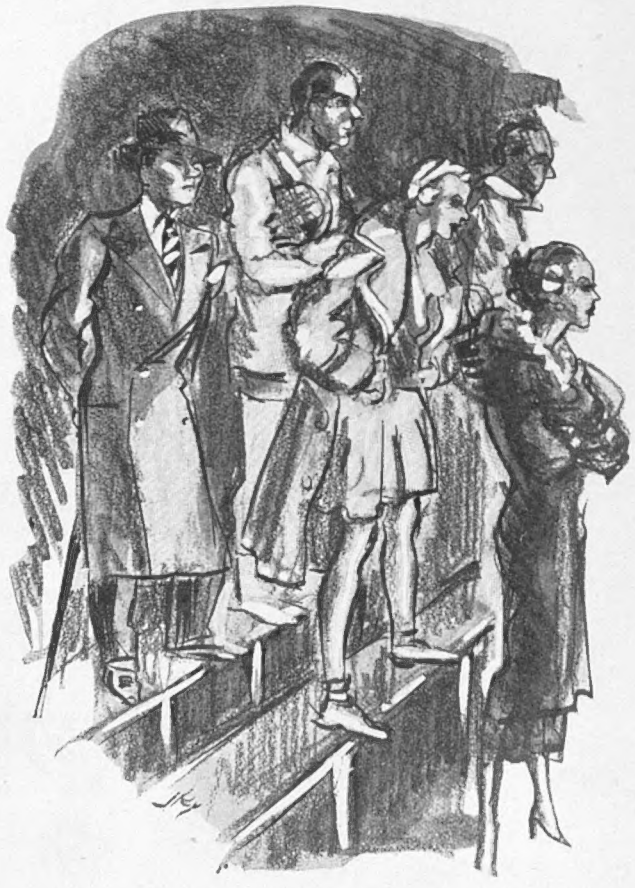
QUEEN'S is still the Jill of all sports—or nearly all. True, the 'Varsity "rugger" and "soccer" and athletic clashes have all ceased to be held in the neighbourhood of Baron's Court, but still, at least half a dozen championships of various ball games are held there. After the war, the public interest in University events which previously had been the stamping-ground of the Old Blues, became so great that ultimately a decision had to be taken. Was Queen's to become a public stadium or to remain a private club? Fortunately for the seventeen hundred members, of whom Lord Aberdare is chairman, it was decided that Stamford Bridge and Twickenham were to have a clear field.

Perhaps the greatest charm of Queen's is that no matter how good you are at squash, fives, real tennis, lawn tennis, rackets, or even bowls, you will always find someone in the Club who will take you on and give you a hiding. And I 'm not referring to the ten professionals who are always on tap.

AMONG the events decided at Queen's, are the Ladies' Squash Championship, the Amateur Rackets Championship, the Eton Fives Amateur, and the Real Tennis Amateur Championships. I have never counted the number of indoor courts for these various ball games, but outside there are fifteen hard courts and seventeen grass courts for lawn tennis. The Club itself consists of the long, green-carpeted, wicker-chaired lounge, the bar, the changing-rooms, the billiards-room, and the dining-room. But what more do you want?

IT doesn't seem to matter what your age is, for if you are a member of Queen's you are a playing member. Maybe, like E. W. Sutton, you lunch in an overcoat and a green scarf, but underneath you are wearing white flannels, and in the summer time take in the tournaments at Carlisle, Reigate, Eastbourne, East Grinstead, and Sunderland. Maybe, again like E. W. Sutton, you only put down your bottle of red ink and a sheaf of legal documents as you enter the court, but you go all out to win, even if you 've been a member for over forty years. Look at M. J. G. Ritchie. Everyone knows about him. He has played more lawn tennis than any other singles player in the world. He was Covered Court Champion exactly a quarter of a century ago, but it still takes a good 'un to beat him, and that dour lock of hair on one side of his forehead. George Greville is another old stager. He is still uncommonly good, and gets his tall, spare frame around the court in a way that scarcely seems possible for a sexagenarian.

Another veteran is Dr. Horne, a grand old man who still plays a good game of lawn tennis and squash. His moustache is still black, although he has been a member for forty-one years. Two years ago he had his appendix out. Within two months he was playing squash as hard as ever. Another old ball-player is Colonel Kearsey. The more he sniffs and the more fatigued he looks, the better he plays. Not long ago he played squash in four different clubs in the same day. Charles Read himself is still young and alert, although he likes to take everything off the wrong leg in the middle of



Competitors in mufti and waiting to play, watching a game in the covered court championships

A corner in the men's changing-room at Queen's Club, where a masseur is on hand to give players a rub-down

the court and to say "Well played, Sir," rather than to run to make a return shot if he is passed.

AMONG the strong Old Carthusian contingent is Rory McNair, small, fit, gnarled, with a confidential voice and a great reputation as a "soccer player" and lawn tennis player in his younger days. Then there is Frank Dames-Longworth, who put Carthusian rackets on the map. With his magnificent moustaches and fierce blue eye, he used to give me a lot of extra work in the fifth form at Charterhouse with his eternal: "Now — then — Graves — sit — down — go — to — the — bottom — and — write — out — the — lesson." In the summer you will see him regularly at Lord's, which is handy, as he lives in a flat in Gloucester Place. He has innumerable nieces, and is a tremendous favourite of mine.

Judge Hargreaves fancies his voice almost as much as his lawn tennis, and spends all his time in one Court or the other. Another fine old boy is Dr. Dent. He is over seventy, but still dashed good in doubles. Once upon a time he was the best guideless Alpine climber Switzerland ever knew. The outstanding player among the younger members is undoubtedly Kenneth Gandar-Dower. He represented his University at real tennis, squash, lawn tennis, billiards, and both kinds of fives. He is wiry, clean-shaven, only twenty-four, and flies his own aeroplane.

TO return to the old 'uns, who are such a feature of the Club, there is Ernest Evers, another Old Carthusian, who was largely responsible for the laying-out of the existing grounds. Then there is Bobby de Quetteville, who still plays every game in the Club, and can beat the average good player at any of them. He is a big, sturdy chap, with hands hardened by fives And what about Peter Latham, the only pro. ever to be an honorary member of Queen's? He is a genial old man, with a fondness for grey flannel bags, still a marvellous coach. He is very outspoken about modern methods. "In my day . . ." he will say; or: "He doesn't know how to cut the ball at all. *He's* not a player."

OF the staff, there is Jenkins, in charge of the dressing-room—an excellent fellow; with his long nose and clean-shaven, shrewd face he looks more like a managing clerk. O'Leary is one of the best groundsmen in the world. Despite his name, there is nothing Irish about him. He is as hard-worked as be damned, and walks about so fast that you might think his life depended on it. The only person who lives on the spot (and Queen's closes at 9 p.m. in the winter) is Moss, the electrician-caretaker, who can make anything and mend anything. A thick-set, cheerful chap, he is an ex-Navy man, and can clear out a gutter with the same aplomb that he will put in a telephone.

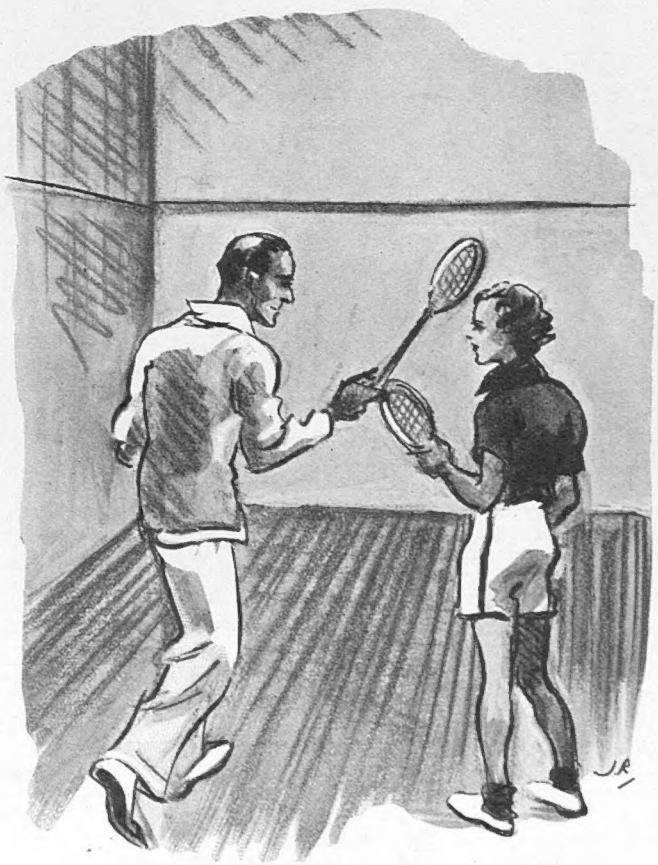
Of the professionals, Tom Jones is the sergeant-major of the ball-boys, and, in addition, hunts players on to the court. Once upon a time he was a waiter, but was a complete flop. He kept on saying to members when they were ordering food: "I shouldn't have that, Sir, if I were you. It's a bit off." The oldest pro. is Charles Hierons, who has been with the Club for forty years, and started, like nearly all the other professionals, as a ball-boy. One must also give a line to Richardson, the barman, with his junior Old Bill moustache, and Syrett, a white-haired, spectacled waiter, who gets you your food at astonishing speed.

SECRETARY of the Club is Lieut.-Col. Bruce, who was A.D.C. to two Commanders-in-Chief in India—Sir O'More Creagh and Sir Beauchamp Duff. He was also Military Secretary to Sir Walter Braithwaite, now Governor of Chelsea. So he knows all about organising. In Lord Aberdare the Club has the perfect chairman. He has been, as you know, one of the best ball-game players in the world, though why he will not play squash rackets I don't know. Two of his boys are now at Winchester, and show promise of following in their father's footsteps after four years of Sandroyd.

Major Larcombe, with his huge forehead and machine-gun conversation, is a committee-man, but looks like a flag-captain. So is Lord Roundway, once of the Guards, but never much of an athlete. There is also Ernest Raphael, with his huge cigars and his inevitable cricket cap (Butterflies, I fancy) when playing games.

AMONG the women members there are Miss MacOstrich, who once beat Dorothy Round in the covered courts championship and has never forgotten it, and the former Eileen Bennett (who frequently has to scratch now that she works in a dress shop), whose illness we all deplore. Also, of course, there is Lady Wavertree, usually in green, and always surrounded by at least a couple of foreign stars, like Prenn or Gentien. She seems to know them all by their first names, and it is an education to hear her purr "Toto," "Jean," or "Henri."

MAYBE times have changed since that smart, chocolate-coloured four-in-hand drove members to the Club from Hyde Park Corner. But Queen's is as young in spirit as ever.



Read, the famous squash rackets professional, giving a pupil a lesson in the game

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Craziness and Crime

Sketches by ROUSON

"Crazy Show" (Palladium)

LET me confess that I had not been to a music-hall for a very long while until I visited the Palladium, where a new Crazy Show is being given by a bunch of comedians.

This form of entertainment has evidently caught the public fancy, for the huge auditorium was packed from floor to ceiling—a state of things which must be extremely satisfactory to Mr. George Black, who is responsible for the direction. When one long shout from the stage is greeted with one long shriek of joy from the audience, it is obvious that if the public like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they will like.

IT seems absurd, therefore, to heave a sigh and long for the return of the old-fashioned programme, where comedians did their turns separately and were not thrown on the stage all together in higgledy-piggledy fashion, and where vox-and-knocks—et preateria nihil—is relied on to cause risibility. Also—and I realise in making this protest that on the night of my visit I appeared to be in a minority of one—can laughter only be engendered by humour which, in the main, is of raspberry growth?

Quite the best scene in the show, "Under the Sea," was one which recalled the delicious pantomimes of thirty years ago, and in it Mathea Merryfield danced gracefully while concealing her lack of clothing with a couple of fans, which is burlesqued directly afterwards by those superbly comic dancers, Nervo and Knox.

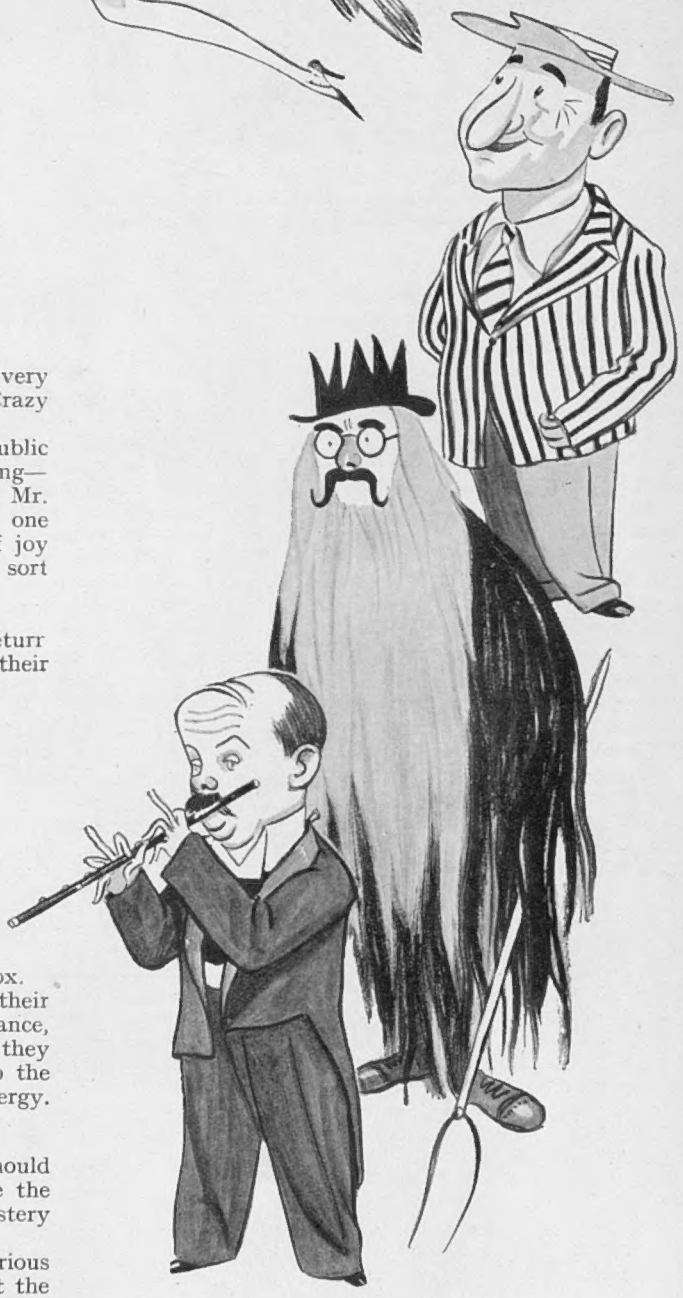
The whole company work with a will and spare neither their lungs nor their muscles throughout the entire performance, and when I realised that directly after one show is given they start all over again, I could only marvel, and staggered into the street surprised, stunned, and stupefied by such amazing energy.

"C.I.D." (Playhouse)

C.I.D." is described as a melodramatic comedy. I should prefer to call it a mystery play, not so much because the plot never becomes clear, but for the reason that it is a mystery why so bad a play was ever produced.

Leon M. Lion is an experienced manager, and I am really curious to know what induced him to accept *C.I.D* for production at the Playhouse. Actor-managers sometimes are accused of producing plays for selfish reasons because the part is greater than the whole, but I doubt whether Mr. Lion could have been thus influenced, for anyone with the slightest knowledge of the stage would have realised that the principal part was that of a squire of dames as well as a crook, a type hardly up Mr. Lion's street. Altogether a rather painful business.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.



Crazy Show at the Palladium

The Gang's all here again, with the addition of Mathea Merryfield, the red-headed fan dancer. On her left, Nervo and Knox in their burlesque of her dance. Below: Bud Flanagan, Eddie Grey as Neptune up-to-date, and Charlie Naughton as a not-too-successful flautist

Only a Face at the Telephone

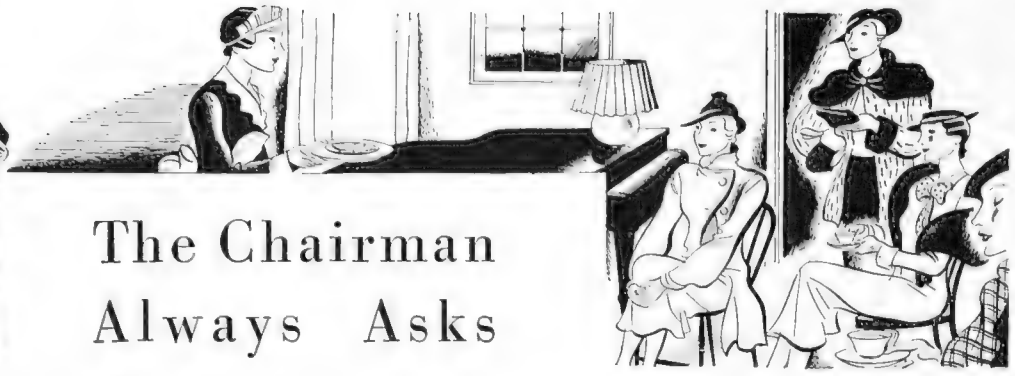
Leslie Henson Registers Indignation, Perplexity and Joy

"Wrong Number Again!"

"Have *I been troubled?*"

"Glasgow for a shilling? It's a gift!"

IN the riotous farce, "Lucky Break," at the Strand Theatre, that incomparable comedian, Leslie Henson, is at his very best. There is no one on the stage at the present time with features so mobile. Without the artful aid of make-up—though he occasionally adopts it—he can register any and every expression, and the samples displayed upon this page are typical of the humour which can be extracted from a face such as Leslie Henson's, which, needless to add, has an alert brain behind it



The Chairman Always Asks Twice . . .

By Mirón

"ANY DONATIONS?" (*flash*). The icy sweetness of the slightly scared chairwoman floats down the long drawing-room. There is an awful silence as sixty mink coats stir uneasily on the hired chairs. The question is put a second time (*flash*), the voice pleads, the members relent. Mayfair, expecting every committee-woman to do her duty, is not disappointed, and there are two photographers to make one feel at home.

THERE was a time when these committees were small and unimportant, made up of old ladies risen specially from their water-beds and brought together for some grim matinée, with amateur talent and a royalty smothered by bouquets in a box. Now and then the big shots would make a fuss and work up a fancy-dress affair with some banal title ("Venetian Masque") and the Savoy Courtyard would fill with our most homely well-knowns in Longhi tricornes.

THE committee, the chairwoman (always known as Madam Chairman), and the show itself have changed completely since the 'twenties. The dull matinée has faded out—I remember one example where it was evident that the grand ticket-holders had given their tickets away below stairs and the theatre was filled with expectant, bewildered cooks and housemaids. There is not the same personal glamour about the stage to-day, and actors lead double lives, spending their free moments on the Elstree road, much too tired to give their services except for a royal "command."

THE chairman has been succeeded by joint-, vice-, and deputy-chairmen, able to hold their own with the plain committee members, among whom mingle secretaries to prevent any outbreak or seditious movement, more especially at the back of the room. All members have one thing in common: they arrive late and they sit on the outside of each row of chairs, as far as possible from the chairmen and near the door of escape. The real committee addict goes from meeting to meeting. "Where am I?" "What is this for?" "When, where and why?" they whisper to each other on arriving as tubes of leaflets and show-cards are thrust into their hands. There are pirates—women who stick at nothing and raid their friends' committees, selling tickets for a rival affair.

THE public has little idea of the sums raised for the various causes, from war-horses to medical psychology, but the aggregate must be enormous, and it is mostly money diverted to really good purpose. A big charity première is worth many times the value of the "house" at a Cochran first-night. Some of the balls are attended by unintelligent expense, and most of them show a sad lack of imagination, being absurdly alike. But Autumn London is unthinkable without them—perhaps this explains the popularity of Newmarket. . . .

OF the organisers Mrs. Frank Braham is doyenne. She can tell you where you will sup in three months' time. She wears a far-away look and summer ermine. Her slightly American voice is honeyed but inflexible. If committees are slack or chairmen weak and frivolous, she makes them mend their ways. She knows everyone by sight and name—

Below: the Countess of Carrick and Lady Towle at a meeting at Lady Latta's house of the Committee of the Ball of the Future, of which Lady Carrick is chairman

Swaebe

Lady Howard de Walden, chairman of the Gala Ballet Première at Sadler's Wells, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, speaking at a committee meeting; left of her are Mr. Seymour Leslie and Viscountess Hinchingbrooke (Rosemary Peto that was), and on her right are Mrs. I. M. Sieff and Mr. Lonsdale Deighton

and she discreetly enjoys each of the dozen big affairs she works up yearly. We are far from the days when organisers with flying wisps of hair were seen far too prominently on the night, rushing about like witches at a fire-drill. . . .

LORD WESTMORLAND and Lady Weymouth, their minds evidently set on higher things, are heading the Paradise Ball (Dorchester, December 12th). But why Paradise? Obviously a dull place socially. . . . Details of this idyllic event are not yet to hand, but Lady Diana Cooper, Mrs. Loel Guinness, Countess Munster and Mrs. Gerard Leigh are some of the supporters. From the welter of events arranged by committees this side of Christmas, only the really brilliant affairs can be picked out here. One of those always successful political balls will be the Steeplechase Ball at the Grosvenor, December 5th, to help the Conservatives (notoriously in need of a kind hand). Lady Eyres-Monsell, one of the best chairmen, launched this at Admiralty House.

THE new Duchess of Marlborough makes her reappearance with the committee for a dinner on November 29th, with Lord Derby and Frederick Lonsdale as speakers. Lady Carisbrooke, one of the most experienced chairmen, has her ball at the Dorchester, December 6th, with Lady Jersey as deputy. Lady Plunket and Mrs. Kindersley are among the vice-chairmen of a jolly party (Mrs. de Winton Wills, chairman), on December 1st, Grosvenor House. Lady Cromer's matinée on December 17th, with the King and Queen present, and a special play produced by Seymour Hicks, is in a class by itself, of an earlier tradition.

AMERICAN and Canadian-born chairmen are particularly popular and energetic. Mrs. Sitwell, the wife of the poet, has brought together a galaxy of the "smart marrieds" as hostesses for the first combined film-première and ball ever held, "Party No. 1," on December 11th, for Queen Charlotte's. This commences at ten at the Curzon Cinema with a Continental film première, followed by a ball at Sunderland House, next door (oyster bars on every floor). This supersedes the midnight film matinées which had no ending and, alas! no drinking. Lady Wimborne, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Portarlington, Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford, Mrs. Simon Rodney and Lady Haddington are some who are supporting this.

THEN Lady Carrick, a popular American, has the amusing Ball of the Future, Dorchester, November 13th, when even the guests promise to "Staybrite" (a very chromium affair).

PROBABLY the best speaker among those who take chairs is Mrs. Sieff, though eloquence is tested in a November drawing-room on a foggy morning.

THE tendency away from those sleepy afternoon affairs to the smart first-night show at 8.30 has led to such big occasions as the Gala Ballet Première at Sadler's Wells on November 20th, when Markova will dance in the first performance here of an old Russian classic, Tschaikovsky's *Swan Lake*. Lady Howard de Walden ("one of the best"), Lady Headfort, young Lady Hinchingbrooke and Lady Chamberlain are among the chairmen, and all the Mayfair "balletomanes" will be there.

DRESSING-UP is voted a bore nowadays (only the wrong-lookers can afford it), but there is the Regency Rout in December. The age of charity tableaux came to an abrupt end with one touch of Mr. Coward's acid wit. The tide of beseeching letters from the near-famous, facsimiles with our name cunningly "matched in" on abnormally coronetted notepaper signed by titled ghosts, will continue to rise until the middle of November. They are typical of English individualism in this most generous, most incredible of countries.

(1) The Marchioness of Headfort

(2) Lady Chamberlain

(3) Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford

(4) Lady Eyres-Monsell

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell at the chairman's table at a committee meeting for Party No. 1, a film-première plus ball

Swaebe

Above: Captain J. A. B. Grylls, Miss E. Collins, and Mrs. Sykes watching an event at Oxney Farm, where the Bordon Hunter Trials were held

Captain and Mrs. F. W. Byas talking to Mr. Hugh Nelson, who is joint Master of Lord Leconfield's

Miss Vera Selby, daughter of Sir Walford Selby, the British Minister in Vienna, took her spaniel to the meeting

Prelude to Winter Days

The Bordon Hunter Trials

Right: General Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Major-General A. E. W. Harman, who commands the First Division at Aldershot

Miss Chrystal on her horse, Never Surprised, with which she has won the Ladies' Competition for three years running, talking to Mr. and Mrs. George Evans. Mr. Evans is joint Master of the H. H., in whose country Bordon is

Mrs. Young, Miss Maude, Captain Guy Knight, and Mr. Gwyn Jones concentrating on what was doing. Being no distance from Aldershot, the Bordon Hunter Trials are always a great rendezvous for soldiers and their horses

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

COMMENTING on the fact that 150,000 people are out of work in the German umbrella trade, a daily newspaper argued the other day that it is a proof of the Nazi success in militarising the German nation.

We fancy this is going a bit far. Even without quoting the well-known case of General Picton, who took the field in the Peninsular War in a top-hat and a frock coat, carrying a neatly-rolled umbrella, we think we could demonstrate that there is nothing particularly girlish or unmilitary about the umbrella. The Duke of Wellington once issued an order to the Guards forbidding the use of umbrellas on parade. This, we imagine, is about the nearest approach we have ever had in this country, officially speaking, to that celebrated German Army Order of a few years ago stating precisely which crack regiments were permitted rouge, officers, for the use of, and which of them were not

We ourselves served in a crack regiment which had only one curious complex—we simply had to be surrounded with freshly-cut flowers everywhere we went. We didn't care one way or the other about spraying our whiskers with Eau de Cologne before battle, like Ouida's heroes, but we just had to have fresh flowers, and our Florist Sergeant had a time seeing to it, we can tell you.

Tell Auntie

Two London evening papers each published a talk with Fred Perry over the trans-Atlantic 'phone in their late edition on the same evening recently. The difference in their tone interested us not a little.

The *Star* seems to have got hold of Perry in a moment of great mental agony. "Like a man sick with worry . . ." commented the *Star* interviewer. "A torrent of words showed the great nervous tension Perry is feeling . . . I could sense the need he felt for guidance. . . . Mental anguish lent him eloquence." To the *Evening News*, on the other hand, he spoke calmly and apparently without emotion. "You ask me where I stand about offers that have been made to me to become a professional? First, let me say quite frankly," etc., etc. If you ask us, Mr. Perry, having leaned on the heaving bosom of the *Star*, a Liberal organ once edited by Mr. James Douglas, got the worst over that way and felt all the better for it, speaking to the *Evening News* a few moments later with a cigar in his mouth, relieved and jaunty.

We know another crack tennis player who had his head held by the *Daily News* and was terribly sick. And if it comes to that, we know a girl who once lost herself on the lower slopes of Mr. Garvin's article in the *Observer* one Sunday and was found by a search-party some days later, haggard and practically starving.

Re-Incarnations

No. 4.—St. Sebastian's Martyrdom

(Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Lord Beaverbrook)

The Stag at Eve

AN artist friend of ours who grassed an eight-point stag at 200 yards in Inverness-shire the other day, after crawling some miles on his stomach, tells us that he felt afterwards rather as if he had shot one of Landseer's relatives, except that no relative of Landseer's could possibly have been as good to eat as this stag turned out to be.

For drawing stags, Landseer was recommended for a knighthood as early as 1842, as we discover from our presentation volumes of Queen Victoria's correspondence. Peel informed the Queen that Landseer respectfully declined the honour, observing that "he [Landseer] was now occupied on works of a more important character than any he had yet completed, particularly an equestrian portrait of your Majesty." This seems to us to have a peculiar ring, though we couldn't for the life of us tell you why.

Anyway, this stag's face made our friend feel vaguely uneasy. We ourselves have felt the same among the goats of Malta, and to this day we avoid the "Zoo" Aquarium for the same reason, the faces behind those thick glass panes seeming to reproach us for duties left undone and vows forsworn. Some people we know can't stand up to a horse for similar reasons—like the stag, the horse has a sad, noble expression, not unrelated to cricket and the Higher Pantisocracy preached by Wordsworth and Coleridge. No wonder Landseer, mingling constantly with stags, was deemed worthy of knighthood. As the poet has sung—

> The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
> And though he felt extremely ill,
> He said he simply could not fandseer
> Worthier gent than Mr. Landseer.

Well did the Editor of *La Vie Parisienne* say, returning a drawing by Landseer, "Oh, là, là! Là, là!"

Rye for Remembrance

THE fact that Mr. E. F. Benson is to be next Mayor of Rye might

"A single barrel will do! What do you think I am—a bigamist?"

seem to indicate that Rye society has forgiven him the acid and amusing picture of it he drew in *Miss Mapp*, a few years ago—either that, or else Rye society didn't recognise itself, which is impossible to believe, seeing the etching was done with such loving attention to detail.

But on the other hand, it obviously isn't Rye society which is electing Mr. Benson mayor at all, but the bourgeoisie, between whom and such haughty local princesses as Miss Mapp a very deep and wide gulf is fixed. Very probably the best people don't know yet what 's happening under their noses. When Mr. Benson suddenly flashes past in his cocked hat, retired majors will gibber and burst, tweed-clad Miss Mapps and Godivas and other grotesques will stagger back raving, and there may ultimately be a refined revolution. If we were Mr. Benson we should remember Sarajevo and have Lamb House barricaded that night.

2,000 Leagues Under the Sea

MIXING a little, but as little as possible, with the booksy boys and girls, going to occasional booksy parties, we manage to keep an eye on the book racket without getting into much trouble. A busy little world it is, too, reminding us of the "Zoo" Aquarium—the less beautiful end, among the mudfish.

We mention it merely to drag in a crack we made recently at a party full of mudf——of literary specimens. They were arguing, pretty shrilly, about Progress, and one of them, a fierce, female type, asked us what we thought was the most valuable contribution to human comfort yet made.

We thought a bit and said, "The pulping machine."

"The what?" said the female type, glaring at us.

"The pulping machine," we said. "The machine which pulps books. You know," we said, illustrating by a little gesture, "great steel jaws tearing 1000 books a day to rags, and great steel hammers mashing the result into harmless pulp. Pulping machines," we said again, as nobody seemed to be grasping it. "Machines for dealing with Books of the Month, and masterpieces, and so forth."

Their gills worked convulsively, and we thought one emaciated blonde was going to leap at us; but they eventually turned their backs on us, breathing hard, and went on with destroying reputations.

Dainty Teas, 1s. 6d.

ROLLING a connoisseur's eye round the Empire Tea Centenary Exhibition at the Forum Club, we confirmed our previous opinion that certain eighteenth-century reputations were pretty easily made. Most philosophers are aware that the bottles emptied by the dashing "three-bottle men" of the period were smaller, and contained a much lighter port, than those of to-day. The same with the teacups which gave (e.g.) Dr. Johnson his mighty reputation. The eighteenth-century cup is so small that the Doctor's thirty cups a day, or whatever it was, could be knocked back without much difficulty by any confirmed tea-swiller among us now.

We don't think this is anything to boast about, either. Addiction to the tea-drug, as a modern thinker (Mr. Belloc) has pointed out, has made the English, next to the Chinese, the most easily-bamboozled people in the world, the most subject to illusion, the most easily victimised by charlatans of every hue. Nowadays, when practically every third cottage in England bears a great, ugly board announcing "TEAS," addiction to this treacherous and nerve-destroying Oriental herb has developed into a mania. We personally once tried to fight against it by drinking beer for breakfast, like our stout, mediæval fathers, but we soon weakly gave up. The fact is that two or three or four tea-swilling generations can sap the nerves of their descendants almost completely. We broke down over our beer and cried in sheer humiliation and self-pity, and next morning the old Chinese poison had us again.

Men Made Angry

ONE thing we shall always be able to resist, simply because it frightens us, is the dreadful Australian habit of consuming stewed tea all day long with meat. This, according to somebody in one of Kipling's later stories, is what makes the Australians so vindictive, and considering what must be happening most of the day in Australian digestive systems, we don't wonder at it.

A highly cultivated and sardonic Chinese with whom we once

"Mice!"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 3.—Mr. Michael Arlen

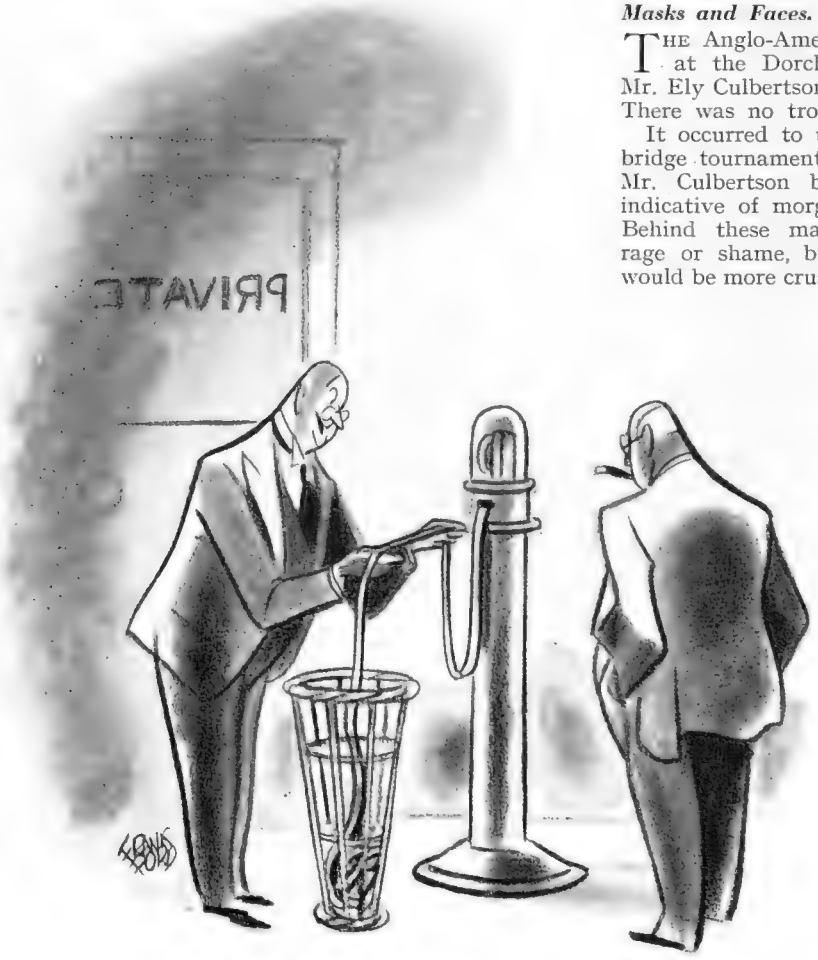
IF I ever see a photo
Of a duchess on the spree
Or a Marquess out at Mürren making gay,
I am awf'ly thrilled, because I
Dare to hope that she or he
Will be written up by Arlen one fine day;
For it 's pretty safe to bet folk
Who are Upper Ten, Debrett folk
Cannot hope to hold his virile pen at bay.

Other authors may find "copy"
In the suburb or the slum,
Or the drowsy villages the yokel knows,
But the people Arlen writes of
Are the sort who make things hum,
Though their purity of spirit seldom shows;
For conventions do not matter
To your out-and-out Green Hatter,
Since her morals are as scanty as her clothes.

Whether villains in his novels
Are but children of his brain
Or possess (grim thought!) a living counterpart,
We are equally intrigued by
Passion served à la Park Lane
For the English can't resist a wicked Bart.
And though Streatham sins seem sordid
We MUST know just what the lord did—
And it 's therein lies the secret of his art!—B. W.

drank tea, with jasmine, in embossed porcelain in the Chinese way—a delicate and graceful rite, and a flavour incomparable—could not understand why the English, having already boiled the leaves into a soup, in their barbarous, insular manner, did not eat them to finish with. We could only come back at him by exclaiming with horror on the brutal lack of reverence with which the Chinese treat our Holy Tree, the Willow, which makes the Sacred Cricket Bat.

"May I take a picture of you, Sir—and friend?"



"So the Fairy Queen waved her pretty wand and flew away"

Masks and Faces.

THE Anglo-American Contract Bridge match for the Schwab Trophy at the Dorchester passed off, it seems, without any yells from Mr. Ely Culbertson, whose style seems to have mellowed in the last year. There was no trouble at all.

It occurred to us, last time there was a row over this international bridge tournament, that the English team could score pretty well over Mr. Culbertson by wearing masks—impassive and well-bred masks indicative of morgue, languor, patrician calm, and flegme britannique. Behind these masks their features might be writhing in agonies of rage or shame, but nothing would be revealed, and the silent rebuke would be more crushing than any reply. We don't know if our suggestion was ever adopted. Possibly it was. We were dragged into a bridge game last Easter at a seaside hotel, and when it was all over, thank God, we said laughingly to our partners: "We expect you 'll be glad to take those hot old masks off now, what?" They said, rather stiffly: "We aren't wearing any masks," and we felt that awkward—well, there, you could have knocked us down with one of the marble pillars in the foyer, and, judging by our headache next morning, probably did.

Just Fancy!

EVERY now and again modern science discovers something our ancestors knew ages ago. One thing the doctor-boys have just caught up on, we observed at the London Medical Exhibition the other day, is bee-stings. About 1000 years ago country people in England knew that bee-stings invariably relieved rheumatism. Now you can buy bee-venom in ointment form, medical science having recently discovered all about bees and their relation to rheumatism.

Another useful and homely treatment (if we may continue) is to be stung by an actress, which relieves any swelling in the bank account. On the contrary, to be stung by a female novelist is merely painful and has no healing effect. An old Chinese proverb says, "To be stung by a female novelist when the moon is full presages ill-luck for five years, or (if there be a tiger in the house), six." THE BYSTANDERS.

In and Out of Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Mrs. Ralph Cobbold

Sketched at one of the Miller-Mundys' shooting parties; her husband is a good shot. Her herring-bone tweed is a relief after the eternal checks. She was Veronica Christie-Miller, now lives in Rutland Gate, and has a small son called Nicholas

Lady Rosamond Gibbs

Right: Lord Carrick's sister, and the wife of Mr. Bryan Gibbs, one of the Stock Exchange's leading humorists. She is the chairman of the "Ten Bob" dance, which is being held at Covent Garden on December 12th, and which was such a success last year

Mrs. James Horlick

Is joint vice-chairman with Mrs. Redmond McGrath of the Committee of Party No. 1, the film première and ball in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Mrs. Horlick is the mother of two very good-looking daughters, Mrs. Kenneth Wagg and Ursula Horlick

Mrs. Godfrey Miller-Mundy

At one of her and her husband's shooting-parties at Redrice, near Andover. Besides the Cobbolds, the Tennysons and Colonel Freddy Cripps were there. Major Miller-Mundy used to be in the Life Guards

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

LET us begin with our congratulations to Royalty, in the person of Queen Ena, and on the occasion of her forty-seventh birthday. Staying at the Dorchester, she was presented by M. Cigolini with a lovely bunch of red roses, and she visited Kensington Palace in the afternoon to have tea with Princess Beatrice.

THE previous day Tilly Losch had been forced to face the possible recurrence of a series of misfortunes, dated annually October 23rd. She elected to stay in all day in her home in Culross Street, did not trip over the telephone wire when reporters rang up with anxious enquiries, and by midnight had laid the bogey.

The Hon. Mrs. Barford

Was in Mr. Edward Esmond's party at the Dorchester the other night, wearing gold lamé and an ermine cape trimmed with mink. Her sister, Mrs. "Jimmy" Rutland, has just become Mrs. J. Royds

Lord and Lady Scarsdale

The Scarsdales were sketched at the Embassy, where they were having lunch. Lady Scarsdale was wearing a black velvet béret and a black Persian lamb coat

"TOM" CAMPBELL BLACK was dog tired when he arrived at Melbourne, but woke up with a start when he heard he was engaged to Florence Desmond. I wonder if life on a farm in Kenya would suit her? And what will the lion-headed, long-haired Captain have to say about it? Tom Black was always confident of winning that air race: anybody who frequents Punch's Club can vouch for that. This Club has brought off a good double, with the cocktail-shaking championship as its first leg. Grosvenor House, after which the 'plane was named, should be pleased, as it is to see its new Silver Restaurant full every night.

VISITING strangers included Comtesse de la Beraudiere, from Paris, with Mme. de Muns, wife of the former Spanish Ambassador in Rome. Her dress at the Embassy Club was the subject of much favourable comment. Conversely, the Maharanee of Baroda commented unfavourably on six successive partridges there, which was hard on the Club, which has such excellent food. Lord Castlerosse

Lord Waleran

Watching the cabaret at the Savoy and looking as if it amused him

One of the Two Pierrotys, who are very well known in London's cabaret life, especially this one, for his rather grotesque humour and mimicry They were at the Savoy quite lately

At the Private View of Peter North's "Significant Portraits" Exhibition

Mrs. Peter North going round the Exhibition with Sir George Arthur, who is looking at his own "significant portrait." He was Private Secretary to Lord Kitchener during the first two years of the war, and has written several biographies of well-known soldiers

Miss Susan Bligh and Miss Penelope Fisher-Rowe were two of the younger generation at Peter North's private view last week; they are both in process of becoming ex-débutantes, having come out last summer. Susan Bligh is a cousin of Lady Marguerite Strickland

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

has an out-size in golfing suits, seen daily at Claridge's, where he resides. Charles, the famous maître-d'hôtel who once presided there, was lunching there the other day, as were Sir Percy and Lady Simmons, Miss Bunting Stevenson, who is so reticent about the possibility of her being engaged (I hear the grey Rolls is to be re-painted a different colour), the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Scarsdale and Lady James Douglas.

From Mr. Woolley Hart I learn that his wife is in Pekin with Mrs. Wellington Koo, and will give a wonderful chop-suey party on her return, with the waiters disguised as mandarin ducks. Other overseas news tells us that Evelyn Crowell and Sandra Rambeau are no longer in Paris, but here in London.

Lotte Lehmann proved the great musical draw of the week, both at the Hyde Park Hotel and at the Queen's Hall. At the former place Mrs. Augustus Ralli looks like having a successful season as patroness to the London Leider concerts. The Brazilian Ambassador with Mme. Regis de Oliveira and their daughter were there; the Austrian Minister, the Greek Minister, Mrs. Gordon Moore with her daughter Peggy, who is such an enthusiast that one feels at any moment she could compose the words and the music and herself sing the completed work, though possibly not perform the latter function as well as Elena Gerhardt, who was also there. Victor Babin and Vrorsky, who trill away on two pianos, Ivor Newton, who bats No. 1 in an accompanists' eleven, were other members of the musical profession.

And the cars outside the Queen's Hall on the Tuesday night, stretching up Portland Place far beyond Lady Carnarvon's hospital, showed that London really does appreciate this queen of lieder singers. Lotte Lehmann has a very good-looking Austrian husband, Herr Kraus—she is just off to America to sing in *Madam Butterfly*. The first entrance of that winsome little Japanese lady is probably the best entrance in all grand opera—as one sees in the Grace Moore film at the Carlton.

Noel Coward was well to the fore at the first night of *Theatre Royal*, at the Lyric. *Conversation Piece*, produced in New York the other day, showed them that he has gone quite sentimental and is abandoning smart cynicism. He has had such a success in the past that it seems he has a hard job to break out on any lines other than the *Private Lives* sort. Lady Colefax and Mrs. Syrie Maugham were at the Lyric first night, as was Mrs. Richard Guinness, whose luncheon-parties are so popular that they go on till four o'clock. Miss Constance Collier was there too; a party was given for her by the Raymond Masseys at their house, before she left for Hollywood.

Quaglino's, which is as full as always, has one great novelty—a good cabaret turn in Sherkot, from *Streamline*. Those who frequent the "popular Bury Street resort" will know that, apart from the Western Brothers, Quaglino Brothers have usually provided the best turn with their food.

I noticed there some "Norfolk county" up from the country, in the form of Lady Hare and Captain Clowes, but there is so much shooting in the country just now, the county ball season is about to begin, and Melton has started its poker-parties, that one does not expect to see many country visitors at the moment

Everyone is glad to know that Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall (our Eileen Bennett) is much better: she is a great favourite, not only at Wimbledon, but at Frinton, where she summers regularly. It was at the Tennis Club of this resort that Mr. Edward Barford remarked, after a somewhat crushing defeat on the courts, that "he was better in the board-room than on the tennis courts." All his City friends who realise his passion for work will appreciate this, for he takes even less holiday than Mr. Philip Rhodes, of the Stock Exchange.

The "Bystander" for Speed

In last week's Issue, our air correspondent, writing some days before the start of the MacRobertson Trophy Race, tipped Scott and Black as likely winners. We backed our fancy to the extent of entrusting the copy of the "Bystander" intended for the Viceroy of India to Scott and Campbell Black, who delivered it at Allahabad to Captain F. Tymms, Director of Civil Aviation, exactly 27 hours after leaving Mildenhall.

The "Bystander" for Flying News

The solemn Courts of Justice must have had a quiet laugh at some of the incidents in the Mainwaring-Montagu case. Clare Lady Cowley gave her evidence from a bridge scoring-book (otherwise she couldn't remember the names of her house-party), and Miss Celia Palmer's carefully written little notes were confiscated by the Lord Chief Justice. As her memory is not too good, she could not emulate Sir Bernard Spilsbury as a witness.

Mr. Doughty, the eminent K.C., who was engaged in the case, is very well known in the North of France holiday resorts, and takes many a neat dive into the local piscines, dressed in his eyeglass and bathing-costume.

MR. PEEPS

A Scottish Wedding

Mr. Alexander Montgomery-Cuninghame, Royal Scots Fusiliers, eldest son of Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame, of Corsehill, Ayrshire, and Miss Barbara Gray Cheape, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. A. Gray Cheape, of Corse Gray, and Mrs. Gray Cheape, after their wedding, which took place at St. Mary's, Kirriemuir

Lord Ashfield's Daughter Re-marries

Mr. James Royds, eldest son of Col. and Mrs. A. H. Royds, of Glen Andred, Groombridge, Sussex, and the Hon. Mrs. Rutland were married at Caxton Hall and St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate. With them is Lord Ashfield

Mr. John Barstow and Miss Diana Mills

Mr. John Barstow is the elder son of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Barstow, and Miss Diana Mills is the only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Mills, and Mrs. Mills, of Lichfield Grange, Overton, Hants. They were married last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Woman to Woman

On entering the Savoy the other night we saw Lady Plunket and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Brinsley Plunket (the mother of those three lovely children), and Mr. Jim Lawrence and Lady Ashley all in the same party. They, however, were passing on elsewhere, and we eventually saw them (plus Miss Fanny Ward, Lady Plunket's mother, looking marvellous, as usual) at the Café de Paris, loudly applauding the Yacht Club Boys.

At the Savoy, at one table were Lady Alington with Sir Richard Sykes, the Warwicks (she wearing the brightest of bright-greens), Lady Mary Dunne, and Miss Anne Wood, and the corresponding number of young men. At another table the Reggie Sheffields had Lord Normanton and one of the Cottesmore Paravicini's. Mr. and Mrs. John Mason were nearby, either entertaining or being entertained by Capt. "Bobby" Gordon-Canning. Mrs. Patrick Davidson was also to be seen that night with the Ralph Cobbolds, "Eddie" Tatham, and a blue ribbon round her head. Talking of ribbons, Miss Jean Combe, who was also present on this occasion, had a tiny white bow on one side of her head. Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell was another giver of a party. Hers was for her daughter, Barbara, who has now set sail for China. Mr. Jack Thursby was in that party. He 's always at the right place at the right moment.

A new arrival into the world is Mrs. John Pepys' child, but we are unable to state its gender, because, on the outside of a well-known daily paper, it clearly said "daughter," whereas in the Court Circular of the same paper it equally clearly said "son." So we don't know where we are or what it is. Anyhow, we wish it the best of luck.

Children's parties seem to be very much to the fore at the moment. Mrs. "Dolly" Tilney had one the other day for her "yearling," Ann, at her attractive Sussex Place house. Mrs. Michael Bull (Noreen Hennessy that was) brought her son, and Mrs. Francis Jayne came up from Roehampton with her smallest of smalls in its basket. Miss Jane Wallace didn't escape our notice. She has now given up travelling on all fours, and strutted in looking enchanting. Patrick Drury-Lowe was another we saw. Talking of him, his mother, Mrs. Quintin Gilbey, gave a party for her small Gilbey the other day, and had a bran-pie and a Press photographer. At this party we saw Mrs. Kenelm Guinness and her young, Lady Brougham and Vaux and Master Brougham and his cousin, Miss Drury, those enchanting little Philip Kindersleys, and some small Elwes's, also Miss Serena Loehnis, who always has a smile for everyone, and a very engaging one at that. In fact, the cream of the nursery society world was there in force.

We are sorry to hear that Sir Peter Farquhar has already broken a collar-bone in the Whaddon country. Not a good beginning. Miss Lavinia Strutt apparently came to grief at the same fence at the same moment (could it have been the magnetic attraction of Sir Peter, or merely coincidence ?). She was undamaged. Talking of the Whaddon country reminds us of Captain Tommy Graves, for it was his happy hunting-ground for many years; we saw him the other day in Bond Street, looking a picture of health and wearing a red carnation to tone.

MRS. PEEPS

An Apology

We very much regret that in our issue of October 16th it was erroneously stated that Sir Egerton Hamond-Graeme gave a party at the Dorchester Hotel. We regret this the more as Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme have recently suffered a sudden family bereavement and have, as announced in the Press, cancelled all their social engagements. We desire also unreservedly to withdraw the further words that we used on that occasion, namely, "premier baronet of the Isle of Wight, as his wife calls him," and much regret that they were ever published. We tender to Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme our sincere apologies.

Left: Lady Veronica Hornby dancing with her husband, Mr. Anthony Hornby. Her new way of dressing her hair is very dernier cri, but what will she think of herself in this photograph in a year or two's time?

Above: Lord Long of Wraxall and Lady Jersey sitting at their supper-table, while their respective spouses were dancing. Lady Long is beginning to go about in London again now; her small daughter was christened about three weeks ago, in the Crypt of the House of Commons

"Going On for Supper"

Extension Night Faces at the Café de Paris

Left: Mr. Charles Oppenheim and Miss Merial Dalrymple-White were at the Café de Paris; they have been engaged since last August

Below: Mr. John Holden, M. Pretel, and M. Lebrun, the son of the President of the French Republic, had a table for three

Mr. Claud Strickland and Lady Marguerite Strickland were two of the youngest young-marrieds dancing together; their wedding was this summer. She is the Earl of Darnley's only daughter

Photographs by Swaebe

Bertram Park

Miss Rosemary Grosvenor

Rosemary Grosvenor is the younger daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor and Lady Dorothy Charteris. Her father died in 1929, and her mother, who is a daughter of the Earl of Kenmare, married the Hon. Sir Evan Charteris in 1930. Rosemary Grosvenor was born in 1918; her sister, Beatrice Grosvenor, is three years older

Vandyk

Miss Daphne Duke

Daphne Duke is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Glebefield, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, and a half-sister of Sir Charles Mappin. She is seventeen, has just come back from Paris, plays the piano, and is studying syncopation with the pianist of a well-known dance band. Her coming-out dance is to be at Claridges' on November 23rd

Looking Forward

Three Débutantes of 1935

Left:

Miss Felicity Pardoe

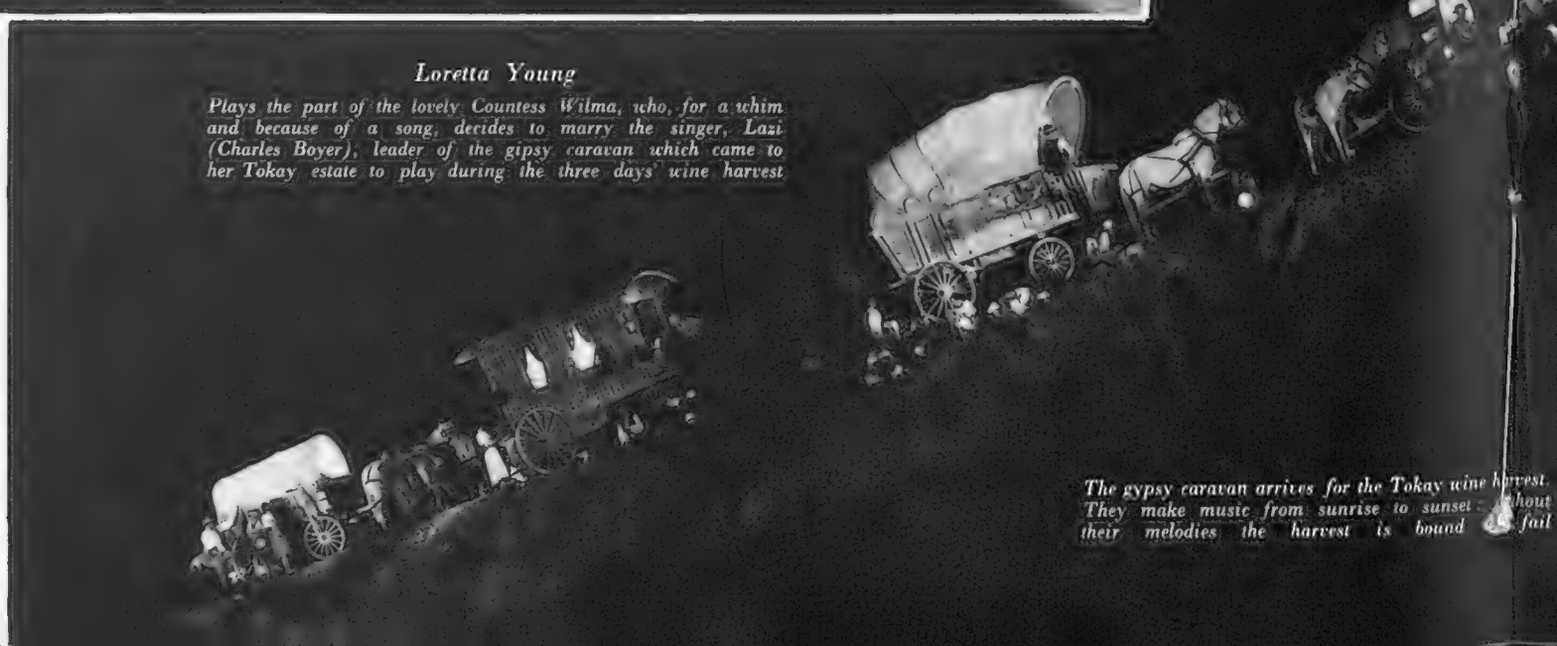
Felicity Pardoe is a West Country girl who will be doing her first season next year. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel F. L. Pardoe, D.S.O., and Mrs. Pardoe, of Bartonbury, Cirencester. Her father used to command the 1st Battalion of the 60th

Bertram Park

Loretta Young

Plays the part of the lovely Countess Wilma, who, for a whim and because of a song, decides to marry the singer, Lazi (Charles Boyer), leader of the gipsy caravan which came to her Tokay estate to play during the three days' wine harvest

Lieutenant von Tokay of Countess Wilma, meets a beautiful gip the gipsy is Wilma, masquerading in Rom (Charles Boyer), the decided to marry. But when the handsome y



The gypsy caravan arrives for the Tokay wine harvest. They make music from sunrise to sunset ... thout their melodies the harvest is bound ... fail

okay (Phillips Holmes), cousin
ma, on his way to her castle
gipsy and falls in love. But
ma, whom he has never seen,
Romany dress. With her is Lazi
the gipsy singer whom she has
But she soon forgets about that
e young lieutenant comes along

"Caravan"

A Great American Film Which Will Be Shown at the Curzon Next Week

"CARAVAN," which has its European première at the Curzon on November 6th, is a Fox picture, and the first film made in America under the direction of Erik Charell, who produced "White Horse Inn," and directed "Congress Dances." "Caravan" is in his best romantic manner, full of gipsies, music, and light-hearted love. The settings and dresses are by Professor Ernst Stern, who also collaborated with Charell in his other successes. The film cost no less than 900,000 dollars to make, and will be one of the high-lights of an autumn season that has given London more good screen productions than ever before

Below:

Jean Parker

As Tinka, the fiery little gipsy girl from whom Countess Wilma steals her man, Lazi. But Tinka gets him back in the end, and the caravan goes happily on its way when the wine harvest is over

Austrian Visitors

Princess Hohenlohe-Waldenburg and Her Son

Princess Hohenlohe-Waldenburg

THE PRINCESS, who looks extremely handsome in her Austrian dress, lives mostly in England, but spends a great part of each summer in her native Upper Austria. She has a fine sporting estate at Suschl-am-Zee, in the mountains above Salzburg, where she entertains her English friends. Chamois-shooting is one of her favourite pursuits. Her son, Prince Francis Josef Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, is now at Oxford. He went to Magdalen a term or two ago, when he was only sixteen, and was the youngest undergraduate there

Below: Prince Francis Josef Hohenlohe-Waldenburg

Above: Oriel Ross, who is playing the flighty wife, Vera Berridge, in C. L. Anthony's amusing comedy, "Touch Wood," at the Haymarket Theatre

Top, left: Doris Hilditch, who has taken over the leading woman's part in "Ten Minute Alibi," the thriller by Anthony Armstrong now being played at the Phœnix Theatre, London's longest run

Facing the West End Footlights

Three Young Actresses in London Successes

Left: Jeanne Stuart, who seems to be a sort of permanent fixture in Walter Hackett plays, having appeared at the Whitehall Theatre in "Afterwards" and "Road House," and is now at the Apollo in this dramatist's latest success, "Hyde Park Corner"

Photographs by Houston Rogers

A Racing Reverie

Good News

By "Regular"

Left: Lord Manton, the Hon. William Astor and Lord Willoughby de Eresby discussing the racing in the paddock

Racing at Lingfield

The Hon. Algernon Howard, Lord Effingham's brother, and the Hon. Thomas Egerton, brother of Lord Ellesmere and a Jockey Club Steward

Capt. Bobby Gordon-Canning, who goes to most of the near-London meetings, talking to Mr. and Mrs. John Mason at Lingfield

THREE pieces of extremely good news last week did much to relieve the gloom which had settled on us as the result of the unpleasant weather and consequent colds in the head, and the failure of a number of hot favourites.

THE first piece of good news was the election of the Aga Khan to the Jockey Club. Racing in this country has never had a better friend than the Aga. What he has spent on racing, nobody except the Aga has any idea. This year he has had a wonderful season, and won over £60,000 in stakes, and people call him "The lucky Aga"; but there have been many years when his luck has been so atrocious that many people might have been sorely tempted to throw in their hand. The Aga wears very strong glasses, so presumably he is short-sighted; in all practical affairs, however, no more long-sighted man exists.

THE Aga did not worry when he did not win races right away; but he insured success in the future by continuing to buy the best-bred mares, and by mating them with the most suitable stallions. The best-bred filly in the world may be almost valueless as a racehorse, but she is nevertheless as likely as not to foal a classic winner.

WE racing Regulars owe a very real debt of gratitude to men like the Aga Khan. Just because we belong to half-a-dozen race clubs, some of us are apt to think that we are the backbone of racing; we just couldn't be more wrong. The backbone of the game is composed of men like the Aga Khan, and while I admit that you and I are essential to its success, our importance might be likened to the big toe, and I've heard of men living quite a long time without a big toe.

THE next piece of good news was the promotion to full Colonel of Mr. F. T. Halse. I must confess that I am not very well up, these days, in military matters, and the first intimation I received was when I glanced at my race card at Newmarket. In the next war Major Weyland will, of course, have to salute him, as will the Captains and Majors of the Racecourse Press.

NUMBER Three piece of good news was that the Jockey Club are at last going to institute Stipendiary Stewards, and by saying that this is the best thing that has happened to racing for a very long time, I am not wishing to belittle the efforts of the very gallant gentlemen who have worked so nobly as local Stewards.

IF you suspected that there was a thief in your house, you would not ring up Major Weyland, Sir William Cooke, or Baron de Tuyll and ask them to come along and catch him. You would ring up Scotland Yard, where the expert thief-catchers live.

I AM not suggesting that the racing world is populated by thieves, but I venture to think that some of them may be a trifle "light-fingered." To catch these gentlemen I would not employ Scotland Yard, because they are not experts in this particular form of dishonesty; but I would employ active men who know the game from A to Z. It is from the ranks of these men that I would select the stipendiaries.

THE first practice I hope they will stamp out is that of pulling up a horse just because a jockey thinks he can't win. I am the last person to wish to see horses knocked about unnecessarily, but there is a big difference between this and deliberately pulling a horse up because someone's going better than you are.

How can a jockey say with any certainty that the other horse may not "crack"? How often have we seen Gordon, who never gives in, snatch a race out of the fire after he had appeared beaten to blazes?

THE most glaring case of this "chucking-up the sponge" occurred last week, when a jockey pulled up a horse so abruptly that I thought the animal must have broken down. So well was the animal going a few strides before he was pulled up, that the trainer ran down into the ring to back it in running, and he was as mystified at its jockey's tactics as I was.

I AM not accusing the jockey of doing anything dishonest. I presume he found one or two going better than he was, and thought it was not worth persevering, but it certainly looked awful from the stands. I suggest that all jockeys shall be instructed to ride their mounts out with their hands (not whips) for places. This would soon stop all this nonsense.

I WOULD further suggest that the stipendiaries should have a word or two with several prominent racing men as to the company they keep. If you saw me dining seven nights running with one of Les Girls, you might be excused for thinking that Uncle Regular was up to some funny business. Similarly, if a jockey's or a trainer's best friend is a bookmaker, the same idea might cross your mind.

I HAVE the greatest admiration and respect for bookmakers, and I have even greater admiration for professional backers, but they are bad friends for jockeys and trainers. I am not suggesting that there is any "funny" business between any of our jockeys and bookmakers or professional backers, but when they are seen frequently in the company of these worthies, "it looks bad"—as the bishop said as he wiped the lipstick off his cheek.

Dogs and Guns

The Kennel Club's Retriever Trials

Mrs. Husted, the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, and Lord Wharncliffe, one of the guns, walking from one stand to another at Cheverells, Markyate, Hertfordshire, where the trials were held

Swaebe

Mrs. Ernest Turner, whose husband was one of the three judges, and Lorna, Countess Howe, one of the best-known breeders of Labradors

Right: Mrs. de Klee, who was a steward, and Lt.-Col. C. Heseltine, one of the judges, and a great sportsman

Below: Lord Scarsdale, another of the guns, Lady Sebright, Lord Wharncliffe, and Sir Giles Sebright, who was acting as a steward

Miss F. Newton-Deakin's Silence of Tone retrieving a partridge to his owner, under the eye of one of the three judges, Mr. E. E. Turner, who is on the left

Rugby Clubs at Home: Richmond F.C.

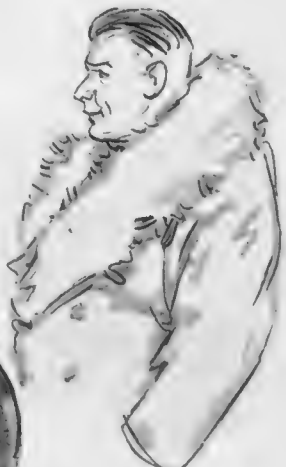
Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Left: the Honorary Secretary, R. H. O'Brien

"Ronco" Roncoroni, a front-row forward

"Maskelyne" Whitty

John Megaw, a back-row forward



Charles Hopwood, Captain, in his furthest North Richmond coat

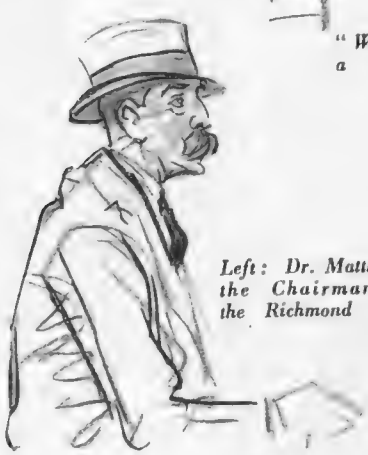
John Iliffe, a front-row forward

"Willie" Welch, a three-quarter

Left: "Crab" Crabtree, a three-quarter

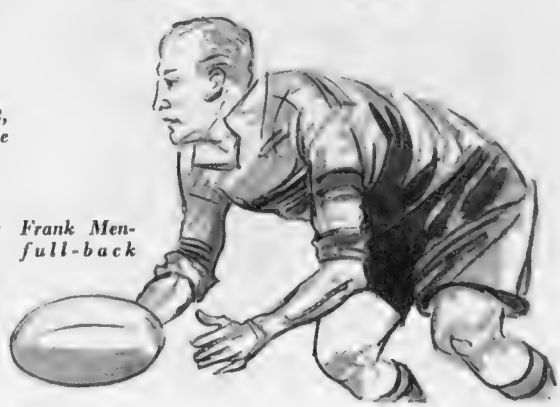
H. Millett, Vice-President, an old Richmond and England player

Right: "Cookie" Cook, a front-row forward



Left: Dr. Matthews, the Chairman of the Richmond A.A.

Left: the President, L. R. T. Frere



Right: Frank Mennim, full-back

The Passing Picture Show

Savage Breast Unsoothed

By Sydney Tremayne

"Mr. Cinders"

I WISH I could praise this film wholeheartedly, because it seems a good-natured, well-intentioned production, and it has a certain humour and lightheartedness. Clifford Mollison, in the chief part, is excellent. Renée Houston, in a small part, is a refreshing northerly breeze; Edmond Breon, increasingly adipose, physically and humorously, gives and gets chuckles; and there is a girl called Zelma O'Neal, an American comédienne, starred, who is competent though definitely unpretty. The photography is good, and so is the recording.

But there is something diluted about the humour and the theme. It all seems rather tame and familiar and even Mollison's facial and physical agility do not achieve adequate mobility. The revolutions are more like the "Great Wheel" than a modern motor engine.

And then the story: I believe *Mr. Cinders* was a successful musical comedy. But the idea of a man being a Cinderella, put upon and humiliated because he is a poor relation, is slightly offensive. That is not the stuff that "heroes" are made of. Clifford Mollison has sufficient charm to make it tolerable. The Western Brothers, as the two ugly cousins, substitutes for the pantomime sisters, are too stereotyped to infuse much life or mirth into the production.

Zelma O'Neal is a fat-faced little American comédienne with energy and confidence. But the millionaire's daughter who plays maid-servant to a pretentious, snob family, to turn the tables on them in the end, is becoming a commonplace. Why, even Janet Gaynor has done it! Findlay Currie gives his American caricature once again, and W. H. Berry is a village policeman. A rather disconcerting familiarity, both in the rôle and his method, makes this part less than hilarious.

And there is song, though no one in the cast can rise much above the recitative scale. The melodies are simple and banal. A mildly amusing entertainment; "good, clean fun," but not quite enough of the fun.

"Adventures, Ltd."

A SOUND and entertaining comedy-drama, well produced and photographed and, on the whole, well acted, especially by experienced members of the cast, like Clifford Heatherly as a wicked owner of concessions (described as "things you get by bribing people to allow you to take other people's property") in a South American State, Hugh Wright as "an actor of the old school," Laurence Hanray as a conscience-ridden drunkard, and Sam Wilkinson, who supplies "comic relief," as the utility member of *Adventures, Ltd.*, which is led by the intrepid and nonchalant modern knight-errant, Kim Berkeley, played in manly and easy manner by Harry Milton.

Some of the less experienced players suffer from lack of directional inspiration, but Dorothy Buller's blonde curls should assist her progress through the studios, and Pearl Argyle is strikingly and unusually good to look on and has a nice voice. When she is more practised she should be really interesting.

The story makes up in movement what it lacks in subtlety. The wicked financier has framed the President, Lorenzo, father of the heroine, and he languishes in gaol while the villains' tool presides in his stead. *Adventures, Ltd.* effect his escape by substituting the old actor. Just as the firing squad are levelling rifles at the English rescuers, the redoubtable Kim obtains a confession from the man who planted the bonds on the person of the innocent President—cries of "Viva Lorenzo!" the tables are turned on the conspirators, and the lovely Anita sways into the arms of her father's saviour. "Oke!" as all good film-men say.

"Unfinished Symphony"

A DELIGHTFUL film, as good, in this Gaumont-British adaptation, as it was in the original. Marta Eggerth is a personality and Hans Jaray sings the Mozart music beautifully. Helen Chandler is an advantageous adjunct to the cast.

By the way, it is true that when the Ciné Alliance production of *Unfinished Symphony* was running at the Curzon a "dame" (pronounced with a French accent!) said she thought it a lovely film, but she did not much like the music!

MOST people seem not to mind what the music is like as long as there is *noise*. Jan Kiepura makes more noise, vocally, than anyone else: it is a good noise, but definitely stentorian, and he has made a great success of it. Tauber, in *Blossom Time*, has broken all records. It all started with *The Singing Fool*, and will end with the listening fools, but not till we are all deaf.

The "Film Renter" commented recently, good-humouredly, but somewhat trenchantly, on cinema organs, ubiquitous, expensive, deafening and superfluous. The answer is that the public applaud these musical interludes. Mr. Sandy McPherson, at the Empire, introduces *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* with a selection of contemporary music. The volume of sound is fatiguing, and in spite of educational and explanatory titles imposed on portraits of nineteenth-century composers, a plaintive voice was heard to say, "What had Handel to do with Mr. Barrett?"

Zelma O'Neal

The American comédienne who is co-starring with Clifford Mollison in the English (very) light-comedy film, "Mr. Cinders"

Hans Jaray and Marta Eggerth

Left: the stars of the Gaumont-British edition of "Unfinished Symphony," which has been running very successfully at the New Gallery

An exciting tussle for the ball in the Richmond v. Gloucester match at Richmond, won by the visitors (in wide hoops) by 9 points to 6

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Notes and Queries

The Cambridge team paid their first visit to town when meeting the Harlequins at Headquarters, and won by 9 points to 6. The picture shows W. J. Leather, the Cambridge Captain, on the extreme right, pointing out this and that at the half-time interval

Lemon Time at Twickenham

I PROPOSE to be rather more discursive than usual this week. Jottings, you might say, from a crusty spectator's notebook, though I find my own notebook singularly devoid of comments. Perhaps one day I shall suggest to the Editor that he should print a page of it in facsimile, just to show you how orderly is the mind of one of your tame critics.

It would be an odd exhibit. You would find, maybe, a thumb-nail sketch—very thumb-nail—of Wilfred Wooller—is his name Wilfred ?—loping into action. Then, heavily underlined, the arresting entry, "N. B.—Order the beer." After that, possibly, a word or two about football—"Cambridge defence," you would read, though I regret this, "Cambridge defence rickety." And then a fine burst of prose, beginning firmly, and tailing off into indecipherable wriggles, describing with eloquent brevity a Cambridge try: "Loose maul," it would declare. "Hearn to Wooller. Cut through. Score near posts. Fyfe goal." After that, a few names, an apparently irrelevant quotation from Dickens, the word "referee," followed by a large question-mark, and "scrummaging" written in capital letters.

VERY illuminating, all this, and it makes me wonder what we do think about when we go to a Rugby football match. Theoretically, we follow every movement of the game like hawks. Actually, I believe it drifts pleasantly before us, an agreeable background to whatever problems may be occupying our minds. I dare say this is a personal confession of fallibility, but am I alone in having to jerk myself abruptly now and again to a detailed consideration of the play ?

THE truth is that there is too much to watch in a game of Rugby football. Follow the ball, and you are lost. You may note who scores the tries, but what about the forwards—are they shoving, and where do they go when the scrummage breaks ? And how are the backs positioning themselves; and what is the full-back doing, with his scope for subtle manœuvring ? The trouble is that every man on the field, with the ball or without it, is a factor in the run of the game.

Do we realise, moreover, how swiftly things happen in the field of play ? I like to remind myself that a man moves at approximately the rate of eight yards a second, for when I think of this I become less censorious. I remember fourteen-stone forwards, like W. W. Wakefield, A. T. Voyce, Maurice Brownlie, and L. G. Brown, moving at an even greater rate than that, and in the opposite direction to mine, and to know all, as some philosopher has said, is to forgive all : even bad tackling.

I BELIEVE, though, that tackling is one of the few things in the modern game which is as good as it ever was. There were lapses in mid-field when the Harlequins played Cambridge the other day, and both sides were guilty, but they were more positional than personal failures, so to speak. On the whole, the tackling I have seen this season has been excellently effective, a sure sign that all is well.

TO jump, as is the way of jottings, from one thing, without rhyme or reason, to another, from tackling, for example, to tactics, why is it that so many stand-off halves take up their position directly behind the scrummage nowadays ? Is it with the object of being able to go either way ? I don't know the reason, but I do suggest that, whatever reason these stand-off halves may have for their positioning, it is demonstrably unsound.

It simply means, as a little diagram with pencil and paper will prove, that they give the opposing defence, and particularly the back-row forwards, plenty of time to cut them off and nip any attacking movement in the bud. They would be better advised, if I may say so, to stand wide of the scrummage, as far away as is consistent with the ability of their scrum-half to pass, and as shallow as possible, remembering that they must take the pass on the run. In this way they will beat the back-row forward every time, and they will still be able to go either way. You may have noticed that C. Slow took up this position in the Calcutta Cup match last year, and I have an idea that England's stand-off half this winter will do the same.

STAND-OFF halves lead naturally to scrum-halves, and here I take it that B. C. Gadney is England's first choice again Should Gadney crock, though, the Army have a brace of scrum-halves who will have to be considered—F. W. Simpson, of Blackheath, and G. J. Dean, of the Harlequins. Simpson is a tough, workmanlike player, in fine form this year, and Dean is small, compact, clever, and quick. It is Dean's quickness that is particularly valuable, quickness of thought and action, and he shoots the ball away better than anyone in the country, Gadney included. Gadney, however, has the strength, and strength makes up for a great deal in the International game.

AND now my mercurial thoughts cross the border to Scotland, largely because I saw K. C. Fyfe in action recently. What an admirable footballer Fyfe is ! If only he were a yard or two faster he would be a smasher indeed. He just lacks pace, but as it is, his energy and thrust make him extremely formidable, the type of player who may pull a try out of the bag at any moment through sheer football instinct.

Here I propose to make a short list of players to watch during the coming months The first is R. W. Dunn, London Scottish centre. The second is P. W. P. Brook, Harlequin back-row forward. The third is G. W. C. Meikle, now playing at stand-off half for the Old Edwardians. The fourth is G. R. Rees-Jones, Oxford wing three-quarter. I just have a hunch about them, that 's all.

Brushwork

Portraiture, Inn Sign Painting and Decorating

Left : Ralph Ellis working on a sign for "The Jolly Sailor," a small inn near Littlehampton. He lives at Arundel, Sussex, painted his first inn-sign for a firm of Sussex brewers, and since then has had no less than 240 commissions of the same kind

Ralph Ellis Paints an Inn Sign

Frank Beresford Works at High Speed

Don Napo Solares is the subject of the portrait Frank Beresford has just completed in two weeks. He owns large rubber-plantations in Bolivia, was in England for a short time, and wanted a portrait of himself on the pampas. Frank Beresford had only a small amateur ciné-film from which to obtain his background

Left :
Mrs. Grey Wornum Paints the new R.I.B.A.

Mrs. Grey Wornum is the wife of the architect of the new headquarters of the Royal Institute of British Architects which are nearing completion in Portland Place; she is at work on the decoration of one of the doors there

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Pleasures of Life

By Alan Thomas

THE English, it is said, take their pleasures sadly Certainly Puritanism has left its mark insidiously upon us, and I dare say we are all the better for it. But where the pleasures of life are concerned, I confess that, more often than not, my natural austerity weakens. I do not find myself instinctively turning aside. Pleasure, I try to believe, is like another well-known commodity: it is good for you—especially if taken with a grain of Attic salt.

Here, then, are two volumes which I, being what I am, can unblushingly commend. They are *The Major Pleasures of Life* and *The Minor Pleasures of Life*, selected and arranged by Martin Armstrong and by Rose Macaulay respectively (Gollancz; 7s. 6d. each). These books consist of extracts culled largely from the literature of the seventeenth century. It is a reflection less perhaps on the compilers than on the age in which we live that the moderns do not figure more prominently in these pages. But as Miss Macaulay says, the literature of the seventeenth century "lures one, like a siren, to dwell with it"

Mr. Armstrong's collection ranges from Books, Art, and Love to Food, Drink, and the Simple Life. It is a satisfying meal, though I thought that the solidity of his menu might have been lightened a little by a dish or two of Humour or Laughter—surely a major pleasure.

MISS MACAULAY, of course, has greater scope. And she takes it, by giving us no less than one hundred and four headings, descriptive of such agreeable pastimes as Deploring the Decadence of the Age, Gossip, Hot Baths, Making a Fuss, taking Snacks between meals, and Xenophobia. It is a selection which itself bears the imprint of Miss Macaulay's own incomparable wit.

I have no space for quotations. But, believe me, you will do well to put these books at once on your Christmas-present list.

I NEVER put down a book of Mr. J. D. Beresford's without feeling that I 've had my money's worth, and his new book, *Peckover* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), is no exception. It deals with the intriguing problem of dual personality. In his foreword Mr. Beresford says his book is not a clinical study, but a story of modern life dealing with the kind of people who may be met round the corner.

Mr. Peckover, at the age of forty-four, is a perfectly ordinary City man, living in Dulwich with a tiresome wife and a boorish son. War shock and his uncongenial home combine in giving him a chance to escape, and one spring evening, after a scene with his family—here is a masterly description of domestic irritation—he leaves the house, and within a few hours loses all memory of the last sixteen years. He has some amazing good luck, and for six months lives a completely new life which brings success, money, and another wife. Of course, he is found out, and Mr. Beresford gives a moving account of the gradual return of Mr. Peckover's memory, and the complications and adjustments that ensue. The story is human and convincing. I liked the book.

Paul Maze

Whose war book written from an unusual angle, "A Frenchman in Khaki," has lately been published by Messrs. Heinemann, Ltd.

IN *Tongue Pie* (Constable; 7s. 6d.), Mr. Peter Belloc yarns about sailors and their ways. The atmosphere of the book is very well conveyed by the photograph on the wrapper which portrays a group of men (including Mr. Peter Belloc himself) sitting in a tavern intent on listening to one of their number recounting an adventure. It is just this atmosphere, laden with all the good humour—as well as the villainy—engendered in the public bar, that Mr. Belloc manages to "get across." And his writing is expressive. Meet, for example, Joe, who, when he drinks his beer, sucks it "through his clenched teeth with the gurgling sound of a swift ebb-tide running between the piles of a river jetty." Joe had been to sea, and now to have him back again meant more than you could imagine: "it might be described by saying that you could lick the salt off your lips at ten yards' distance from him." Then there was Snowey, who made a practice of calling for quarts because "it saved time which might otherwise have been wasted in waiting for our pints to be refilled" You see the sort of atmosphere I mean?

Towards the end the character of the book changes a little. Here are some quieter tales—or, rather, some tales more quietly told: one particularly I liked about the One Lahore Shentlemans' who performed miracles with ebony rods, key rings and silk squares. The story of Michael O'Neil is also very good.

The chief memories I shall retain of *Tongue Pie* are, first, the atmosphere I have already referred to of beer and cheer (it 's the sort of book that makes you thirsty to read); second, the stiff sea breeze that blows through its pages; and third and best of all, the humanity and tenderness which Mr. Belloc gives to his rough, seafaring, beer-swilling characters.

TRAVEL books are often dull, or, at all events, confined in their appeal. Not so Mr. Moray McLaren's new book, *A Wayfarer in Poland* (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). "My object," he writes in a dedicatory letter to his friend, Francis Czarnomski, "has been to write a book which would be one big answer to those questions which every traveller receives upon his return home: 'How did you enjoy yourself, and what is the country like?'" That Mr. McLaren *did* enjoy himself there is no doubt—in fact, I rather suspect that he is one of those lucky ones who were endowed at birth with an infectious joie de vivre. Exactly how he enjoyed himself, and how other people may enjoy themselves, too, he proceeds to narrate. He takes you from Gdynia to Warsaw, thence into the country where he is invited for a few days' shooting There is a visit to Cracow, with its century-old fanfare sounded from the towers of St. Mary's Church in the Rynek; a glimpse at the salt-mines and their glistening subterranean cathedral; and so to the mountains of the South and Zakopane. Mr. McLaren also deals, in a way that need not frighten anyone, with some of Poland's political problems.

It struck me at times that the author was apt to be a trifle too lyrical over his subject: but this is only to say that he has caught something of the joy which Poland herself has experienced in her resurrection. Anyway, the book is attractively written, and well illustrated; and it should certainly not be missed by the intending visitor to Poland.

Fashions

by Jean Burnup

Mornings . . .

A SATISFACTORY three-piece woollen outfit. The skirt, coat and plastron on the jumper are plain grey woollen, a sort of wild rabbit colour. The rest of the jumper is striped with a white wavy line, and this same fabric lines the three-quarter, loosely hanging coat, forms its rounded revers and tops its pockets. Fastenings on neck and belt are a series of fine red leather strappings. *Marcel Rochas.* Red Felt Princess Marina hat by *Maria Guy.*

Afternoons . . .

A SUIT to match your nature if you are one of the rare women who have repose. It is a calm suit, quietly elegant.

The wrap-around skirt and three-quarter coat are in a smooth greyish woollen. The high-necked belted blouse is tobacco - brown velveteen. Deep cuffs of soft grey fox and square buttons of brown horn do all that is necessary in the garnishing department. *Maggie Rouff.*

★ It is all very fine and grand having morning outfits, afternoon ensembles, cocktail suits. But many of us have to go through the cold weather wearing our one winter coat every day of the week, for all occasions. So we keep to one ground colour with coat and dresses, and do change-overs with hats, bag, gloves.

The coat drawn above is navy blue woollen, well-fitting, with dyed moleskin collar, revers, and luxury cuffs.

The two dresses are dressy in the manner of this season. The seated figure is in navy blue silk crêpe, enlivened with red. The collar and knot are red, the front slits and sleeve trimmings faced in red, the belt stitched in red. The buckle is chromium. (Might have navy shoes and gloves, red hat and bag, or just red hat.)

The other dress depends for grandeur on its material, which is a navy and wool crêpe, with a gold thread running lightly through it. There is a smart, hunched-up-to-the-neck look about the draped collar, full, baggy sleeves. The dress fits glove-like at waist and hips. (Keep to navy hat and shoes, gloves and bag in stocking colour.) All three come from Corot, of Old Bond Street. ★

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

WHEN newspaper people gather together for conversaziones and what goes with them, someone is sure to remark, in mock gush and imitation of those who are constantly saying it to them: "Yours must be *such* an interesting life. You must meet *so* many interesting people"

It has been one of our stock japes a long while now, but it still gets a laugh.

Interesting people. . . . Well, the nearest to any interesting people I have met in ages was a gorgeous Siamese cat, looking strangely like a young Elinor Glyn. (And she won't mind my saying this, because she once told me herself that she belonged to the cat tribe.

This cat also lived in an interesting room.

His owner had built it around his colouring The curtains, covers, the cushions, flooring, walls, were a lovely harmony of the fawny-gold, black and sea-green eyes of this lordly beast, who rules that house with steel claws in black velvet gloves.

* * *

MY friend had simply followed the idea of building a decoration scheme around one lovely, unchangeable object.

Hers is living. Many people plan a room around a picture, a beautiful vase or bowl, a carpet, taking one colour for the cushions, one for the wall and ceiling, one for the curtains and covers, watching their harmonies.

It is a safe plan for amateurs. But, safe as it is, you can still go wrong A preponderance of one colour, not enough of another, just not quite the right blending, and the room is a flop.

If you have a room to do over from summer to winter decoration, and feel a little uncertain about it, call in and see Harvey Nichols' "our Mr. Earle." He is the interior decoration adviser to this house, and knows all.

But if you are made of sterner stuff, and want to explore the realms of lovely furnishing fabrics yourself, and have all the fun of planning and seeing your own ideas come to life, just walk around the soft furnishings department with a perfectly blank mind. Soon you 'll have so many inspirations you could do over Buckingham Palace and the entire flat of the woman on the floor above who keeps her radio screaming till midnight.

Hanging up in one star place when I was there, was something new and lovely. A rich, silky fabric they call quilted tapestry. It is blue into green (you know the colour I mean), with a faint, discreetly coloured posy patterning it.

This fabric falls so sumptuously, is so rich and elegant-looking, that you might think the price prohibitive. Then you find you 're wrong. It is 11s. 9d. a yard, one of those generous yards, fifty inches wide that it is always a comfort to encounter in the soft furnishings.

* * *

THEY have this material in two other ground colours—an off-white and a delicate sea-green. It is the kind of hanging that will match and enrich almost any type of furniture.

Perhaps you have an ordinary divan bed that you want to smarten. Give it a shaped head-board (Harvey's will do it all), pad it, and cover it with some of this quilted tapestry. Have a bedspread in a heavy lined taffeta in the same colouring, with a centre panel of the quilted taffeta.

If you are lucky enough to own some Empire or early Victorian furniture, you might do worse than dress your windows for a change with some of their sprigged muslin curtains, prim and pretty with their edging of stiff goffered frills. Have them down to the ground, please, and hang heavier moirés (5s. 11d. a yard in a range of unusually lovely colours) beside them.

There is a heavy slub satin at 5s. 11d., also to be had in many beautiful shades. They sell miles of this. Specially commended: the silvery, off-white shade and the one they call peach, that is neither pink nor apricot nor gold, but the best of all three.

* * *

IF you know Nelson's statue, you know Hampton's windows in Trafalgar Square.

This firm does nothing else all day long but think up new ways of making everybody's home attractive and individual.

The windows pass the time very pleasantly when you are waiting for the buses that stop, happily, just outside.

They have just been holding an exhibition of some of their rarest and nicest things.

There were some very fine hand-block printed linens on show, reproductions of authentic seventeenth and eighteenth century designs.

The "Pendrell" was inspired by a Stuart needlework showing the famous episode of King Charles hiding in an oak-tree after the battle of Worcester, with the old Roundheads passing beneath. (And weren't you on his side, and glad he escaped?) This would look good with old-world (without the e's) furniture. Don't put it inadvertently into an Empire room.

Some more lovely satins here. An antique spot satin in delicate pastel shades, at 5s. 11d., and printed slub satins in faded greens and pinks at 9s. 11d.

One of the most eye-taking fabrics is a cream velvet with a pattern of leaves, the veining traced delicately in black. This is 13s. 9d., a thirty-six-inch-wide yard.

* * *

AS this column seems to have devoted itself to "The Home Beautiful," I must tell you of an original exhibition now being held at Harrods until November 10th.

They are showing what they justly claim to be a unique collection of china and glass designed by famous living artists, like Dod Procter, Duncan Grant, Laura Knight, John Armstrong, Paul Nash.

To mark the occasion, each set is being offered in a limited first edition, with the designer's signature on each piece.

I call this a really good idea.

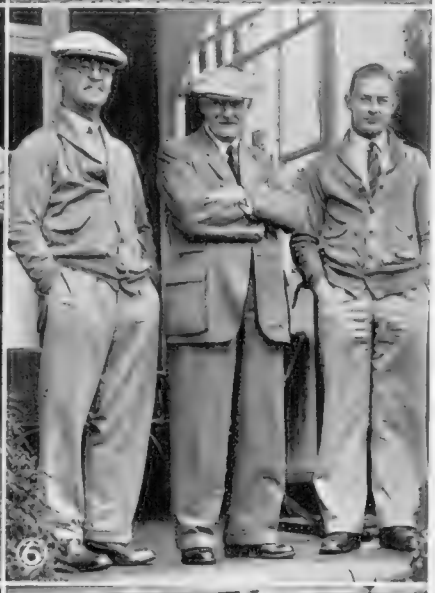
You should get an extra pleasure out of drinking lager in the set designed by Ernest Procter (jug and six goblets for £3 6s.).

I have my own eyes on the green and mushroom tea set by Laura Knight (twenty-one pieces, £2 10s. 6d.), and feel it is definitely going to be my cup of tea.

THIS Maggy Rouff model is heavy white silk crêpe, with a luxurious brown satin sash. The draped neckline, lined with brown satin, breaks off from the sleeves, and shows slender strips of bare shoulder. Harrods have it, and will copy it for you in other colours.

Golf Clubs at Home

Purley Downs Golf Club, Surrey



(1) Victor Wilkins, Ernest Bates (a director of the Club) and Harold Davis. (2) G. A. Nightingale (Captain) and Percy C. Williams (Secretary). (3) G. Harris (ex-Captain) and J. T M. Johnstone (ex-Captain). (4) C. Killick, W. W. Greenslade, G. E. W. Oliver and H. T. W. Grigg. (5) C. M. Castle, F. L. Etheridge and J. W. Perry. (6) H. Millard, E. W. Snell and J. M. Millard. (7) R. B. S. Francis, C. B. Dolphin, E. J. Slater (Committeeman) and S. B. Silvester (Committeeman). (8) T. J. Jones and J. W. Bowen. (9) A. Docking and F. S. Bowles

Mainly About Golf Champions

By F. G. L. Fairlie

The London Amateur Foursomes at West Hill

N. C. Selway and K. A. S. Morrice (Sunningdale), who beat C. D. Gray and W. Wright (Hendon) in the final by two holes

C. D. Gray and W. Wright (Hendon), runners-up. Winners of the semi-final against R. B. Foster and P. W. L. Risdon (Coombe Hill)

P. W. L. Risdon and R. B. Foster (Coombe Hill), semi-finalists in the London Amateur Foursomes at West Hill

I MUST start this week by apologising to my readers for having grossly misled them on this page in the issue of September 25th last. I said in that issue—during remarks to the effect that Bobby Jones was so completely out of the ordinary that he could not be compared with any other of the great names of golf—that both Harold Hilton and John Ball, who won the British Amateur and the British Open Championships, had never achieved the double triumph in any one year. My actual words were that John Ball was just another most illustrious example of the same failure—referring to the failure of other great men to achieve Bobby Jones's record.

That lie has been thrust so far down my throat that I doubt whether I shall ever make up for it, and, frankly, I deserve every bit of everything that has come to me. I simply cannot understand how I came to make the mistake, for, after all, there are plenty of record books which can be referred to, any of which would have proved me wrong.

I RECEIVED the following letter on the subject from Mr. James Peverly Carr, who has been a member of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club since 1898, and I give it to you in full, apologising for quoting the first paragraph, which I have done merely so that the context may be understood in the second paragraph—a paragraph which I wish to quote as an additional apology to my father and my uncle.

I am sure your distinguished contributor, Mr. F. G. L. Fairlie, will not mind my pointing out that he has slipped up badly on the record of "Johnnie" Ball, of Hoylake.

This is the more surprising, as the name of Fairlie was frequently among the winners at Hoylake in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties.

John Ball won the Open and Amateur Championships in the year 1890.

He was probably the only amateur playing in the Open that year, although I am not sure of this, but he certainly was the first Englishman to prove to Scotsmen that an Englishman, or Sascennach (I am not sure that is spelt right) could play golf.

It is recorded in Horace Hutchinson's *Fifty Years of Golf* that he, Mr. Hutchinson, was watching the second round of the Championship, at Prestwick—it was only two rounds in those days—when the late Mr. Laidlaw Purves (the founder of St. Georges, Sandwich) came running up. Mr. Hutchinson said: "This is a great day for England," when Mr. Purves replied: "It 's a great day for Golf"—anyway, Mr. Ball's record stood good for forty years until Mr. "Bobby" Jones achieved the same distinction in 1930.

Mr. Ball happened to be on the links at Hoylake when Mr. Robert Tyre Jones equalled his old record, and it is a thousand pities, in my opinion, they were not photographed together.

When you come to think of it, Mr. Jones's Amateur win that year was only won, when, by the luck of the "green," or the spectators, he beat Mr. Cyril Tolley at the seventeenth hole at St. Andrews by a very small margin, otherwise Mr. Ball's record might still stand.

I have read that "Johnnie" Ball was precocious enough at the age of fifteen to be actually sixth in the Open Championship of 1878—this, with his record of eight wins in the Amateur Championship, covering a period of twenty-four years, makes him, in the opinion of many old golfers, "The greatest Roman of them all."

It is probable that others have written you on this point—anyway, please make any use of this letter you like.

FIRST of all, I would like to thank Mr. Carr very much for his most pleasant letter and for not taking me to task even more severely than he has done; secondly, I thank him for the very interesting information with which he provides us, which I am glad to pass on to all of you who read this page; and thirdly, I would like to agree with him that it is a thousand pities Mr. Ball and Bobby Jones were not photographed together, for they hold a record which Mr. Ball held alone for forty years and which they will no doubt hold between them for at least another forty years.

It is idle to speculate whether or not Mr. Ball would have gone on to win an American Amateur and Open in the same year—he never had the opportunity of showing that he could do what Bobby Jones did later. It is equally idle to speculate whether or not Bobby Jones is a better golfer than was Mr. Ball, or if—could Bobby be taken back with the clock to the time of Mr. Ball's heyday—he would beat him.

I NEVER had the privilege of seeing Mr. Ball play golf, but I have heard a great deal about him from my father, and I am one of those who consider that the added difficulties of implements made them more skilled at golf in the days gone by than were even the performances of Bobby Jones with the added numbers of modern opposition, but with the greater aids provided by modern clubs and balls. That is a discussion which will go on, presumably, for all time, and no doubt, forty years from now, there will be arguments about the then champion's skill as compared with that of Bobby Jones in the middle ages and Mr. Ball in the practically prehistoric. But those arguments are armchair arguments, and can never be settled satisfactorily one way or the other. The only thing I do say is this: I suspect that our present first-class golfers will find it very difficult to play as well as their predecessors in the limelight when they reach the same age, and this, perhaps, will be the only proof of my contention. The reason which I give for this somewhat startling statement is merely that I think the older golfers, taking it all round, had a better style and more control of the ball than we have.

I suggest that the really great in golf thirty years ago are still able to play a game which will beat most of our scratch players, whereas I doubt whether that state of affairs will exist in another thirty years' time. However . . . that is merely a suggestion for your winter broodings.

Finally, I would like to stress that I am particularly sorry that I made this mistake over John Ball, because I may have hurt the feelings of Royal Liverpool Golf Club. Nothing in this world would I do more unwillingly. I have only been to Hoylake once, and as I said at the time—and later in print—nothing will induce me ever to miss another opportunity. I loved Hoylake, not merely because it is one of the greatest golf courses in the world, if not the greatest, but also for the amazing hospitality and kindnesses all round which were showered on me.

Women's Golf:

Worplesdon and West Hill

By Eleanor E. Helme

Left: Miss Molly Gourlay and T. A. Torrance, winners of this year's famous Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes

Below: Miss Kathleen Garnham and Noel Layton, runners-up in the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes, who lost the final by a margin of 6 and 5

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WORPLESDON'S Open Mixed Foursomes are always delightful, quite one of the best weeks of the year, and this season's have been no exception to the rule, although . . . The "althoughs" were certainly considerable. For one thing, the term, "Worplesdon weather," had a good try to take on its old, sinister significance, for on the first day it blew and rained, and on the second and third it was cold enough to depress the most cheerful. The harlequin umbrellas and the dahlias in the gardens (Mrs. Laing's beside the fifteenth were particularly gorgeous) were the only bright spots, because the other "although" was nothing less than the speedy defeats of Miss Joyce Wethered and Miss Enid Wilson, both of whom we had expected to watch all the week. The men of Worplesdon always accuse me of being hard on them and attributing the blame to them when eminent ladies are beaten. This year I shall do nothing of the sort, for it was fifty-fifty. If Miss Wethered could put Raymond Oppenheimer into three bunkers in one hole, as she did at the eleventh, it is quite obvious that the lady cannot be held innocent; if Miss Wilson could put the putts anywhere except in the hole, then she, too, must take some of the responsibility off Mr. Lionel Munn's shoulders. It was a pity, really, that this last couple beat Miss Jessie Anderson (who would have added to the meeting as perfect a style as any there) and General Critchley at the twentieth, since they did not then survive Mrs. Coats and Rex Hartley, an effective couple who went out themselves in the fourth round to the runners-up, Miss Kathleen Garnham and Noel Layton.

THE fall of Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson, and the atrocious weather, certainly eclipsed other things on the first day, such as some mild excitement over the return of the team who had been to America, in time to play. There had been too much fog for their boat to call anywhere in Ireland, and so they landed at Liverpool, and came straight on to Worplesdon. The different conditions might have been puzzling; one certainly put it down to the smaller ball when any of them were short with a putt, or opined that American sand was different to ours if they failed to get out of a bunker, but, actually, I should say that the team played just as they would have done if they had never been away, except that Miss Gourlay—every sort of honour to her—was playing even better, more placidly, and, above all, standing still over the putts, whether they went in or sidled past. Perhaps the placidness was partly due to the soothing influence of Mr. "Tony" Torrance. There never was a better partner, and I do feel I have a right to say that, because he pulled me through the first Worplesdon, in 1921, when he never once, as our huntin' friends say, put a foot wrong. We defended our title unsuccessfully in 1922, since when he has rested on his laurels, reappearing this year to add a goodly bunch to them.

Mr. "Tony" Torrance is one of the golfers whom it gives me real delight to watch, and everyone at Worplesdon was saying the same; you might know his profession as one where delicacy of touch is essential, simply from watching him play the chips and putts. Mr. G. C. Brooks was another who gave me the same feeling of confidence; when he and Miss Phyllis Wade had beaten Miss Wethered and Oppenheimer, it looked as if they would assuredly meet Miss Gourlay's side, but they fell to Mrs. Mellor and O. G. Turnbull, who accordingly became the prey of Miss Gourlay instead. I liked that reformed tennis player's golf, too, and Mrs. Mellor putted quite perfectly until the fatal fifth round. It was immense fun to watch the cheerful youngest couple, Miss Pam Barton and J. S. Rowell, putting out couple after couple, until Miss Garnham and Noel Layton proved too full of experience for them; fun, too, to see Mrs. "One-Putt" Percy, who had never meant to compete, and was only down in Surrey as a spectator, tripping along through round after round with borrowed golfing goloshes as her footwear and Mr. R. V. Finlay as an admirable partner. Semi-finalists they were, and made Miss Garnham's side play seventeen holes before they had done with them. Mrs. V. G. Davies and C. D. Gray had played some fine golf before they met Miss Gourlay's side in the other semi-final; there the loss of the first three holes was too big a weight to carry, and so by 4 and 3 Miss Gourlay came through. Miss Garnham and Layton had spent the entire previous day in averaging fours; in the final itself the figures were nothing like that, but there were some really splendid specimens of shots, and even of holes, on both sides. I shall not soon see a better second at the fifth than Miss Gourlay's in the morning, greater determination than Torrance's holing of a dozen-yard putt at the ninth, to halve it in four after his ball had turned over; a better iron than Miss Garnham's at the eighth in the afternoon; nor longer drive than Layton's at the twelfth in the morning. But the thing was that Miss Garnham's and Layton's best shots came at holes which they eventually lost; the others, having played something extra good, went on to win the hole with it. Miss Gourlay's side strung its pearls into a round: the others only had specimens. Still, there was no more than one hole in it at lunch time. But there was beginning to be a rift in the armour, and suddenly Miss Gourlay and Torrance thrust deep into it, six wins in succession, after which even a lapse such as their tenth and eleventh and the opposition's counter-thrust at the twelfth only whittled the margin down to 6 and 5. The course was in grand order, and the greens utterly perfect.

SO they were the next day at West Hill for the open meeting. In addition, the sun shone pleasantly, and the wind omitted to blow. It was, in fact, an ideal scoring day, and Mrs. R. T. Peel seized her chance with both hands. Even a hardened journalist's heart such as mine beat the quicker as I watched that round; I have never seen a woman compile a card that broke seventy, and with Mrs. Peel out in 32 and still four under fours with sixteen holes behind her, the amazing thing was a distinct possibility. Five is par for the seventeenth, and she got it; it only wanted a four for 69. She failed to get it, but 71 was startling enough in all conscience, five better than the L.G.U. par of 76 or the next scratch return, which was from Miss Garnham, Miss Jean Hamilton coming third with 77. It was best-handicap return, too, of the day, altogether a very great score indeed. West Hill meetings are always of the de luxe variety, and this year's winning score comes into the same category. Even the players who struck off at 8.35 a.m. were smiling.

Good courses do not always mean good scores. Wentworth's Mixed Foursomes were an exception, for the 88–21=67 with which Mr. and Mrs. H. B. R. Grey-Edwards won is really remarkably fine scoring.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

How Women of Social Prominence Now Make-Up

TO GAIN AN ALLURE UNKNOWN BEFORE

THESE PICTURES, BOTH OF THE SAME MODEL, SHOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG MAKE-UP

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up . . . the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colourist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in colour that often changes a woman's whole appearance

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating colour of the human blood.

Ends that "Cheap," "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap," "hard" effect one sees so often to-day from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial colour.

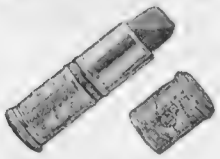
As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question to-day among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ROUGE ANGELUS Louis Philippe. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

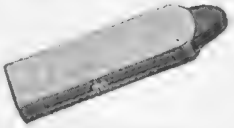
In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing! Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Rouge Angelus Louis Philippe. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

See the marvellously gay — new daytime colours — Pandora and Poppy.



The LIPSTICK

The "LITTLE RED BOX" for Lips and Cheeks



The new "Automatic" that you operate with one hand

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

Left: the de H. "Comet," entered by Mr. A. O. Edwards, of Grosvenor House, which captured the MacRobertson Trophy for England, having flown from Mildenhall to Melbourne at an average speed of 160 miles an hour, including all stops

Below: Tom Campbell Black and C. W. A. Scott, pilots of the winning "Comet". Their feat of endurance in flying 11,500 miles in 71 hours, without any sleep at all, is unparalleled in the history of aviation

After the Great Air-Race

By Charles Ward

An Outstanding British Success

NOTHING could have been finer than the fight put up by Scott and Campbell Black to win the MacRobertson Trophy. The "Comet" was in their hands barely a week before the start. No one knew much about this new and untried type, except that it was designed and built by de Havillands and had Gipsy engines, a combination which had many times proved successful before. Both pilots made every possible preparation for the great adventure, but obviously a good deal had to depend on Dame Fortune—the weather, the state of the landing grounds, and the ability of the engines to run at full throttle for three to four days almost continuously. They covered a distance of approximately 11,500 miles in 71 hours, an average speed of 162 miles an hour, including stops, in spite of difficulties with one engine for the last 2000 miles, which is an amazing tribute to their skill and endurance. The "Comet," built specially for the race, functioned perfectly. New features, such as the landing gear, which was withdrawn into the engine nacelles in flight, the variable pitch propellers and the flaps on the trailing edge of the wing to reduce landing speed, all did their job as intended. The machine was completely designed, built and tested in eight months, and the three "Comets" entered must have cost de Havillands at least as much again as the price originally quoted. Of the aids and accessories I know only of four, Pratts' petrol, Wakefield's oil, K.L.G. plugs and Titanine dope, but there were many others which share in this triumph of British engineering.

Some Surprises of the Race

SECOND only to the "Comet" came the Royal Dutch air-liner, carrying passengers, freight and mail, and but for a piece of bad luck on the last lap, when Parmentier and Moll ran short of petrol after dodging a thunderstorm, its time would have been about 80 hours. All that we have heard of the "Douglas," a popular air-liner in the United States, seems to be true. It is extremely fast, averaging more than 180 miles an hour with ease and, judging from the comments of its passengers, is most comfortable and quiet. Its progress over the route was made with the regularity of a train, some twenty landings being made for petrol between Mildenhall and Melbourne. Third place was taken by the "Boeing" Transport flown by Roscoe Turner and Clyde Pangborn, an all-American entry. Although not so fast as the "Douglas," it made remarkable time, and the navigation of its pilots, who did not know the route, was first-class. At the time of going to press the second of the "Comets," piloted by Cathcart Jones and Waller, has reached Australia and should take fourth place. They have been dogged by ill luck, as have the Mollisons, who started so well by averaging nearly 200 miles an hour non-stop on the first lap to Baghdad. The Miles "Hawk," with the Gipsy Major engine, a New Zealand entry, is lying fifth. In comparison with the speed 'planes and what one might call the giants in the race, this position by a standard British light aeroplane is proof of the all-round excellence of our aircraft.

The Non-Starters

THE principal disappointment, after Kingsford Smith withdrew his Lockheed "Altair," in which, incidentally, he is at the moment flying the Pacific, was the withdrawal of the Irish Sweepstake "Bellanca" monoplane, probably the fastest entry. Difficulties with the Certificate of Airworthiness, which did not allow the machine to carry its maximum load of fuel for the stages which had been planned, caused Colonel Fitzmaurice to scratch at the eleventh hour. It was not possible for the pilots of the "Vultee," illustrated on this page a fortnight ago, to fly the Atlantic as they proposed, but their difficulties, in common with many other non-starters, were financial. Some of the international flavour of the race was lost when the French and Italians withdrew. Apart from the two Dutch entries and those from America, an aged Desoutter from Denmark, with Lieutenant M. Hansen as pilot, was the only other foreign representative.

THE "BYSTANDER"

Travelled with Scott and Black!

The winners of the MacRobertson Trophy carried in their de H "Comet," a current copy of the "Bystander" for His Excellency the Viceroy of India. Flying at 180 miles an hour from Mildenhall to Allahabad, Scott and Black covered nearly 5000 miles in 27 hours. It is certain that no magazine has ever been delivered such a distance so quickly.

A new Riley

Anti-vibration Engine Mountings
•
Automatic Clutch
•
Pre-selectagear
•
Full Aero-lined Coachwork
•
Inter-axle Seating
•
Central Lubrication
•
Air-liner Frame Bracing
•
Flashing Acceleration
•
Low Centre of Gravity
•
Hair-line Steering
•
Permanent Jacking System
•
Braking under 30 ft. from 30 m.p.h.

ENTIRELY new Riley designs are sufficiently infrequent as to cause a genuine stir throughout motoring circles on their introduction.

They are infrequent because a basically good design—the Riley "Nine," for instance—continues good much longer than a "yearly model" (the kind of car, incidentally, that Riley does not make).

From 0 to 70 m.p.h. this new 1½ Litre Riley behaves better than any other car. For its owner it makes the world both smaller and safer. To say that a Riley car is fast is to affirm that grass is green, but this new model is definitely very quick indeed.

A combination of engine features make it rock steady at all speeds. Its acceleration and stopping power are quite amazing; and as far as appearance is concerned it would appear that Riley designers have an uncanny flair for producing cars that are unmistakably modern yet almost romantic in their beauty.

This, definitely, is the car for the new road conditions. In a repressive atmosphere it is the only model that comes smiling through.

Falcon Saloon £335, Kestrel Saloon £345. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Coventry.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

1½ Litre

THIS SEASON'S BIG EVENT

Blackheath and London Scottish fighting for possession of the ball in the match at the Rectory Field. The home side retained their unbeaten certificate by a single point in a desperately-fought finish

H. W. Austin (right) and Jean Borotra, finalists in the Covered Court Championships. The Englishman, by his victory, spoilt Borotra's chance of beating a record—seven wins secured last year

Wing-Commander C. N. Lowe, the famous International three-quarter, now chief instructor to Oxford University Air Squadron

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

NEXT month we are to see the start of yet another of those boxing tournaments arranged from time to time with the very praiseworthy idea of finding a British heavy-weight hope. Why "hope," I know not, unless it is that fight promoters, a shrewd and hard-headed clan, choose the label with malice aforethought: they can withdraw with tact in the event of the disillusionment of the public. They have an excuse, as it were—an alibi. They only hope to discover a "hope"; if it is hope deferred, why, there is always another of these tournaments waiting around the corner!

However, there it is, we are to have a heap of raw, and mostly untried, youngsters in action at the Wembley Sports Arena towards the end of November. The prizes are handsome, the conditions very fair. To a young fellow well able to use his fists, the whole show offers infinite possibilities.

I would be the last one to throw cold water on the scheme. Yet I cannot help but recall the disillusionment which followed in the train of previous heavy-weight competitions. Do you remember Phil Scott, whom the Americans so unkindly called "Phalling Phil"? Scott was given his first chance in one of these tournaments for novices. It was, I think, at the Crystal Palace.

Well, Scott came through to take first prize and go on to carry off the British heavy-weight championship. But who among us really looked on the former London fireman, for such he was, as a "vintage year" heavy-weight—a champion in the tradition? Not one, I dare say.

The British champion went to America, where, as seemed inevitable to most of us, he was badly beaten. Again, he met Larry Gains, the coloured Canadian, in an open-air fight at Wimbledon. Poor Scott! It was all over before quite a lot of spectators had got thoroughly settled in their seats—or so it seemed to me.

SO Scott faded out. And then there was Charles Hickman, a youngster who blazed his way into the newspaper headlines by way of another of those Crystal Palace tournaments. Hickman had the stuff of which newspaper-men dream: straight from a fair-ground boxing-booth, he fairly oozed romance. And the Yellow journalists, bless their hearts, had a rare old time of it. Hickman was to be the heavy-weight to put Britain back on the boxing map. Here was the fighter in the best boys' "blood" tradition, battling his way from the naphtha-flared booth to a world's title contest underneath the stars of Miami.

Really stupendous things were promised for Charles Hickman. And then the bottom was knocked out of his world by a hard-bitten old-timer. . . . Yet another "hope" had disappeared—or, rather, returned—into the blue.

Truth is, of course, your boxing champion usually comes to the top after years of striving. He learns his job of work in a grim, hard school, gaining his chief lessons through defeat rather than through victory. Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, the old champions, like Fitzsimmons and, even more removed, Jem Mace, all these battled along slowly and were not hurled headlong into prominence before they were matured in ringcraft.

BUT there, perhaps out of this new venture at Wembley will emerge a real world-beater. For pugilism knows no hard-and-fast rule when gaining recruits. As William Bolitho once wrote: "The crops depend on the fantasy of the seasons, in the last resort. The boxing cult depends on the still less predictable will of nature, to produce a rare type of man."

So there it is. Let the good folk at Wembley go on with their tournament. Whatever happens, nature will have the final say in the choice of champions.

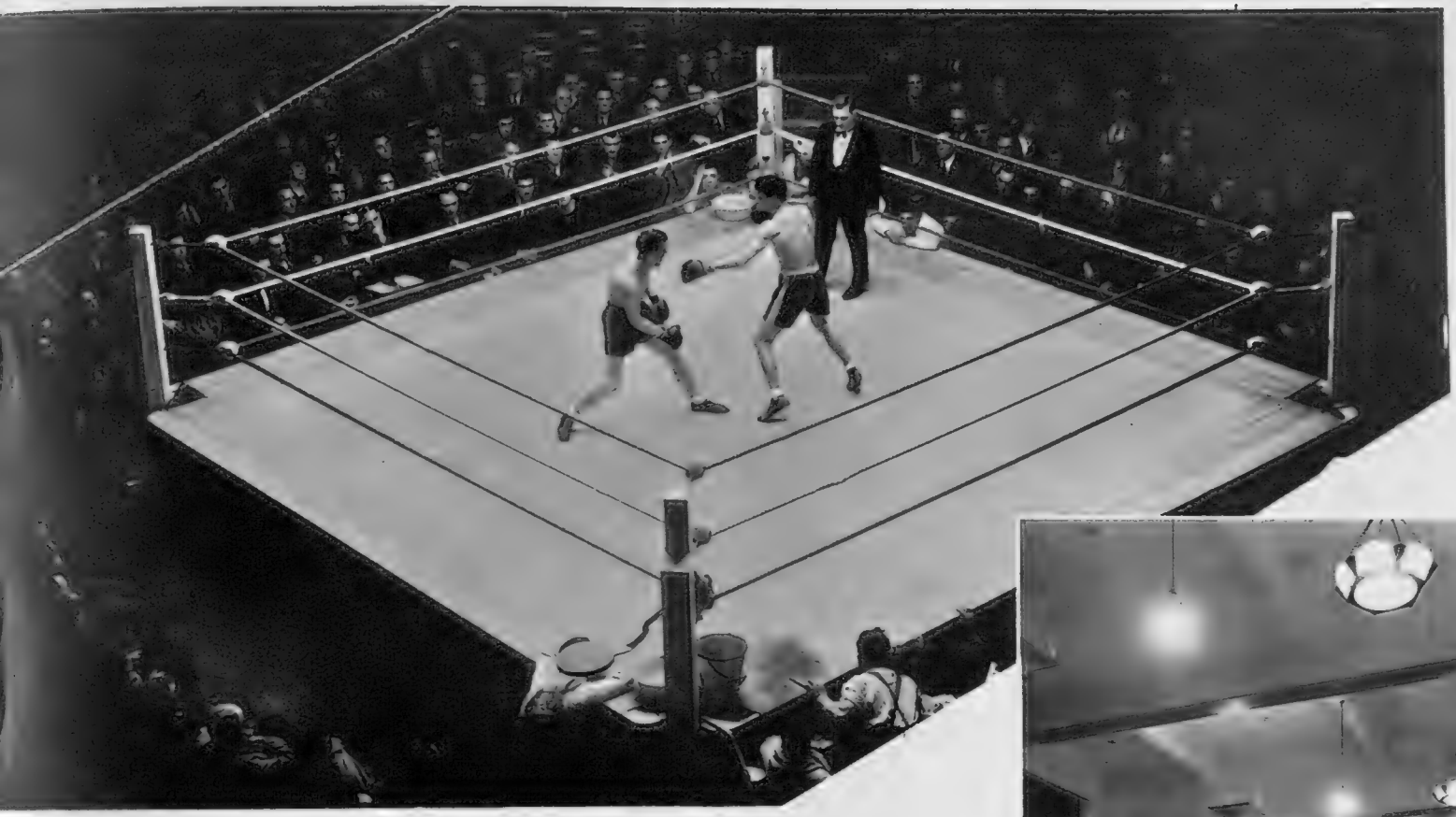
AND now to rowing, with a word for Mr. Peter Haig Thomas, who is already about the business of licking a prospective Oxford crew into shape. There is a very optimistic air among the Oxford men, for they feel that they have a jolly good chance of staging a real revival in the Boat Race. It has been a dismal sort of affair for them of late years, but the arrival of Mr. Haig Thomas, after his successes with the Cambridge crew, is giving the Dark Blues a feeling that they may pull off the race next spring.

The Oxford U.B.C. President, M. H. Mosley, is, too, a far-seeing young man. He has taken off his coat, as it were, and has got really down to the task of staging an Oxford "come-back." Oxford oarsmen made up the Isis and Leander crews at Henley; and then, in the Long Vacation, Mosley has had a crew out at Henley under Mr. Haig Thomas.

Some folk with whom I have chatted have put down this intensive Oxford preparation as being just a bit "American." I gather that they are rather sniffish about it, as if it weren't quite right and proper. Fiddlesticks! I am all for intensive work of this sort, whether in rowing, football, or athletics. Treated sanely—and, mind you, if you don't treat it sanely, it will become a grim business—it is the right sort of stuff on which to produce winning crews or winning teams. Anyhow, if the Oxford U.B.C. need to defend their new outlook on Boat-Race preparation, they can say: "We have suffered eleven consecutive defeats. Things are drastic—we must take drastic measures to prevent another reverse."

BY the way, if we want to see how intensive preparation in sport can be overdone—and, as I said, there is a limit—let 's take a look at the way in which Italy is viewing the "Soccer" International against England at Highbury on November 14th. They have "scouts" over here watching, Saturday by Saturday, the principal League teams in action. Their object, apparently, is to note the form and the style of the men who are likely to figure in the England team.

That 's a sound enough idea. But not so sound are the admonitions from high Fascist officials that the team must win for the honour of Italy. As yet, those clarion calls are muted, but you may be sure that on the eve of the match they will be heard very loudly, with the final trumpet likely to be sounded by Mussolini himself.



The boxing match which ended in a draw in progress between Johnny King and Dick Corbett at Belle Vue, Manchester. No title was at stake as Corbett was over weight, which automatically cost him the title

Well, the effect of all this on a team going into a big match must be very damaging. It is likely to produce in some of those excitable Latins a " stop-at-nothing " frame of mind. And then the fat will be in the fire, for an English " Soccer " crowd is quick to resent reckless play.

Italy will, in any case, be desperately keen to win this game. They are the world's " Soccer " champions—whatever that may mean—having carried off a tournament in which most of the Continental countries were represented. When we met the Italians in Rome, we managed to force a draw on a sun-baked pitch practically devoid of grass. That was good going, for the English players had just wound up a trying League season, and were, I should think, heartily tired of football.

At Highbury, I expect England's new young team to do even better. The Italians will be facing us in conditions familiar to our players. They will find a deal of difference between their own " barrack-square " grounds and the soft going of Highbury in mid-November.

Why, by the way, is the match at Highbury ? Surely this attractive fixture, which the whole of the " Soccer " world wants to see, would have drawn a crowd to fill Wembley ? But no ; the Football Association are going to keep the money at home, as it were, and are disregarding the fact that there will be thousands of people unable to get inside the ground.

Very naïvely, I thought, they announced that there would be a two-shilling " gate " in the interests of the public. The idea, of course, is that a minimum admission fee of two shillings will avoid overcrowding. Well, well, I suppose that is why the Association also decided to have grand stand seats available at ten shillings !

Not quite good enough, you know. As it is, the Association have missed a great opportunity of presenting this match, one of the biggest sport spectacles this season, in its proper setting at the vast Wembley Stadium. They would have had 100,000 spectators—that is, if they had kept the " gate " minimum at a shilling.

WEMBLEY seems to be cropping up in this column of mine. And here again the Sports Arena gets a mention regarding ice-hockey. There is a real boom in ice-hockey this year, and from what I gather, the sport is going to establish itself very thoroughly.

They have made imposing plans at Wembley, patrons getting two big matches a week. Two first-class clubs, in the Lions and the Canadians, have their quarters there, and as they are to compete in opposite sections of the European League, all the finest Continental sides will be seen in turn.

Down at Richmond they have also got ambitious ice-hockey plans. The Hawks have got a splendid team together, with Tom Robertson, who captained McGill University, as the bright, particular star. And so it goes on.

I suppose that ice-hockey is one of the fastest games in the world, though I make no positive statement as I know from past experience how this question of speed in sport can cause quite a spot of argument. Quite a lot of people plump for pelota, while it is Howard Marshall, I believe, who puts in a word for " bat fives," a fearsome sort of game in which you are, for the most part, dodging a pretty stout sort of club.

IN the " Native Heath " article, No. 16, appearing in the issue of October 16th, it was stated that the nearest ice-rink to Grosvenor House is at Wimbledon. This is not correct. The nearest ice-rink is Queen's Ice Club, Queen's Road, Bayswater, where two thousand members and their guests enjoy skating in extremely pleasant surroundings. English and foreign skaters of championship class take full advantage of the specialised instruction available, and such notabilities as Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Dunmore are regularly to be found there. The closure of the Grosvenor House rink has led many prominent skaters to go a little further westwards to the equally-accessible Queen's Club.

A view of the Queen's Ice Rink, Queen's Road, Bayswater, which is patronised by many prominent people in the skating world

Right : Miss Virginia Van Wie, of Chicago, who defeated Miss Dorothy Traung in the final of the American Women's Golf Championship, photographed with the neat little trophy which is the emblem of victory

Rowing

Left: the Oxford University Eight photographed during their first outing on the Isis, at Oxford, under the supervision of the President, N. H. Mosley

Athletic Sports

H. P. K. Jacks and E. H. Eason, both of Pembroke College, Cambridge, running a dead-heat in the half-mile race at Fenner's Ground, during the trials of Pembroke, Jesus and Trinity Colleges for the Cambridge University Inter-College Sports

Rugby Football

The three Welsh "Rugger" Internationals in the Cambridge University team. Left to right: W. Wooller (Rydal and Christ's), Cliff Jones (Llandovery and Clare), known as the "Mighty Atom," and A. M. Rees (Llandovery and St. Catherine's)

'Varsity Activities

On Grass, Cinder, and Water

Hockey

J. A. L. Leeming, the Oxford Hockey Captain, with L. G. Haywood (Southgate) at Oxford's opening match against the Southgate Club

Oxford University v. Stoke Poges at Golf

Left: D. F. Ashmore and F. H. Tate and, right, J. J. Pennink, Captain, and A. A. Duncan, Secretary of the Oxford Golf Team, who played Stoke Poges recently. Oxford halved the doubles, and only lost the singles by a single point

EASY CHAIRS
MADE-TO-MEASURE
at HAMPTONS

CHOOSE ANY TYPE OF CHAIR YOU WISH

At Hamptons is a remarkable contrivance known as the Chairometer. The Back, Arms and Seat of this Chair are adjusted by winding the Handle until they are in a position which afford you maximum comfort. By recording the position thus arrived at the exact measurements to make your Chair fit you are secured.

• COME AND BE MEASURED FOR AN EASY CHAIR AND TRY IT *BEFORE IT IS COMPLETED.*

The invention by Hamptons of the remarkable Chairometer enables them to offer for the first time in history a 'made to measure' Service for Easy Chairs without, in most cases, any extra cost. Simply select any type of chair you fancy and we will take your measurements as described herewith and build a Chair of your own choice to suit you. The length, height and angle of the back, the seat and the arms can all be made to the exact measurements which suit you best, and the cost will seldom be more than if you had purchased an Easy Chair from stock.

COME AND BE FITTED FOR AN EASY CHAIR AT
HAMPTONS

PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephones: Whitehall 1020.

CVS—780

Let **ebe Bath Powder** make your bath a **beauty treatment.** Delicately softening the water, perfuming it and covering it with a caressing foam, by its oxygen it revitalizes your spirits, leaving you with a glowing and lovable loveliness and coaxing from your body every trace of fatigue. As with all **ebe** preparations **ebe Bath Powders** are original in character and active in effect. They are obtainable in seven exquisite colours one of which is sure to tone with the scheme of your bathroom. At all good class Chemists, the leading Stores and Beauty Salons.

ebe
BATH POWDERS

Left, Captain J. P. Black (Managing Director of the Standard Motor Company) and, right, Mr. Rustat Blake (Director) at the second annual dinner and dance of the Standard Car Owners' Club held at the Park Lane Hotel

The Motor Show in Retrospect

By The Earl of Cardigan

Now that the Motor Show at last is over, it may seem rather inappropriate to continue to discuss it. On the other hand, one can often form a fairer opinion of such an event in retrospect than is possible at the actual time of its occurrence. At Olympia, with the Show in full swing, there is a real danger that "one cannot see the wood for the trees."

Now that I have had time to sort out my own impressions, I am beginning to wonder which were the truly important and significant improvements among the host of "new 1935 features" shown on the various stands. This is a question which is not easily answered; but my own inclination is to regard the further simplification of gear-changing as being among the Show's greatest contributions to the motorist's well-being.

In particular, I liked the new synchro-mesh gear-boxes, giving synchronised engagement for second-, and sometimes even for first-gear ratios. Of course, for many years the pre-selective type of gear-box has made all ratios foolproof, and the free-wheel has done likewise; but it is none the less gratifying to see the attractive synchro-mesh method of gear-changing falling into line with other systems.

In my opinion, a non-crashable second gear is a very definite asset to the modern motorist. Many drivers are now losing the knack of making the old "orthodox" gear change. Such drivers will therefore tend to use a synchro-mesh third gear, while neglecting, so far as possible, a non-synchro-mesh "second."

This neglect may lead to very bad results, especially on blind right-angle corners, where common prudence demands a very low speed. If the car is kept in third gear, the engine will issue a protest by "snatching" and jerky running, while very little acceleration will be available after the corner has been rounded. Alternatively, there is a temptation to keep a little more "way" on the car, in which case the corner is taken rather faster than is strictly safe.

In short, if the public is to be accustomed to easy gear-changing, it is really rather essential that all gears should be equally easy to engage. To provide some ratios which are perfectly simple, and others which, by modern standards, are relatively difficult, surely cannot be regarded as a common-sense proposition. The more modern type of synchro-mesh gear-box is, therefore, in the immortal phraseology of the Simple Stories, to be regarded as "a Good Thing."

A motor show feature which I am inclined to regard with less enthusiasm is the fairly widespread cult of so-called "streamlining." In this connection, Olympia provided me with at least

(Continued on page iv)

Pintail Sherry maturing for shipment in a Bodega at Jerez, Spain.

Pintail

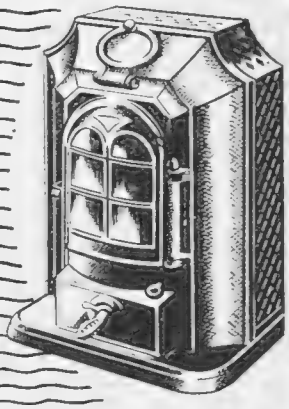
is a very fine pale Sherry, the best appetiser, tonic, and digestive. Get a bottle to try from your Wine Merchants.

It costs 6/- per bottle.

If not easily obtainable, sent post free at the same cost, direct from

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON,
Perth, Scotland.
Established in the year 1800.

CONTINUOUS HEATING



FOR 3D A DAY

ESSE

PATENT STOVES for anthracite or other smokeless fuel

FULL DETAILS FROM DEPT. B.S.3.

SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

Also at 11, Ludgate Circus, LONDON, E.C.4, Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

ARTISTS
AND STUDENTS
OF ART.

WRITE OR CALL FOR LEAFLETS.

SHOULD SEE

The extensive range of Books of every description now available at :—

VAL RAY STUDIOS Dept. B, 231, Oxford St., London, W.1.

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone : Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Revised from January 1, 1935)

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, including Xmas Number	Six Months, No Extras	Three Months, No Extras
Inland ..	£ s. d. 3 0 10	£ s. d. 1 11 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 14 9
Canada ..	£ s. d. 3 0 8	£ s. d. 1 10 6	£ s. d. 1 9 3	s. d. 11 9
Elsewhere Abroad ..	£ s. d. 3 5 0	£ s. d. 1 13 8	£ s. d. 1 11 4	s. d. 15 9

In all cases including postage

ORDER FORM.

To the Publisher of
The Bystander,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Bystander *weekly for ..... months commencing with the issue of .....*

for which I enclose .....

Name .....

Address .....

Date ..... 1934.

Postage Rates : INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

LATE NIGHT SPECIAL

Definitely, these are very smart pyjamas. The fabric is brocade lustre with an all-over shadow-check pattern. The colours are sky-blue, beige, flame, saxe, brown or grey—as you choose. The collars and cuffs are in contrasting colours. And the price is only 15/6, three suits for 45/6

Brocade Lustre Pyjamas 15/6

THREE SUITS FOR **45/6**

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

103-113 Regent St., W.1 Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2 77 Cheapside, E.C.2
24 Coventry St., W.1 124 High Holborn, W.C.1 157a Cheapside, E.C.2
33 Oxford St., W.1 189 Strand, W.C.2 5 St. Mary Axe, E.C.3
135 Victoria St., S.W.1 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3 22 Walbrook, E.C.4

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON P.32104A

Demonstrating a New Development in Springing

On the left is a 1934 Vauxhall Light Six with conventional springing, and on the right is the new 1935 Vauxhall Light Six with independent front-wheel springing. Note how the new springing keeps the car on a more even keel, despite the size of the bump

***The Motor Show in Retrospect** (continued)*

one utter and complete surprise. While making my tour of the exhibits, I noticed one very neat chassis, with its entire engine and transmission compactly carried at the rear. "At last," I thought, "I have found a really suitable chassis for the new streamline type of coachwork." I went on to the stand, and asked to be shown some photographs of complete rear-engined cars.

The photographs were produced—and I fancy that the salesman was astonished, and a little hurt, by my reception of them. "Here," I told him, "you have the one chassis in the Show which lends itself effectively to streamline coachbuilding. Apparently yours is also the only firm at the Show which has entirely ignored the new streamline fashion!"

It should be realised that such streamlining has a purely popular, and not a scientific basis. Scientifically, the ordinary chassis, on which all coachbuilding has to be based, is just about as inconvenient in streamline form as anything could be.

I do not want to trespass on Captain Ward's preserves, but the fusilage of an aeroplane may be quoted as an example of real, honest-to-goodness streamlining. Here we note that the greatest bulk occurs about a third of the distance from the nose of the machine. The remaining two-thirds of the fusilage tapers gently towards the tail. These proportions should be noted, for they are of vital significance.

Now let us analyse the ordinary streamlined car, so-called, such as we saw on all sides at Olympia. In this case, we find the greatest bulk occurring, in almost every case, about a third of the distance from the *back* of the vehicle. The tapering effect is present; but it extends only over the final third of the car's structure, and is therefore much too abrupt to enable the air to flow over it with the required smoothness.

This fault, of course, is inevitable so long as there is a small engine at the front end of the chassis, with a wide seat placed towards the back. The only front-engined car, indeed, which can possibly be well streamlined, is the out-and-out racing machine.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON OCTOBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

FOOT'S ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR

AN IDEAL EASY CHAIR THAT CAN BE INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A SEMI OR FULL LENGTH COUCH

The "Burlington"

Simply press a button and the back declines or automatically rises. Release the button and the back is instantly locked.

The sides open outwards, affording easy access. The Leg Rest is adjustable to various inclinations, and when not in use it slides under the seat.

Catalogue C 22 of Adjustable Chairs Post Free.

Automatic Adjustable Back.

168, Gt Portland St., LONDON, W.1.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

Price 2/6 Per Copy.

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with remittance to be sent to:—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

LITTLEHAMPTON

SUSSEX BY THE SEA

PERFECT mild winter climate in unique sheltered spot below the Downs. Splendid sunshine records, and recommended by doctors as ideal winter seaside resort. All sports, including golf. Lowest winter terms. *Write for Brochure No. 43, Council Offices.*

"RUGGED WEATHER"

A Superb Study of an Ocean Tramp Labouring in Heavy Winter Seas

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

FRANK H. MASON, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY. There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 30 only) £2:2:0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) £1:1:0

The actual size of the print is 17 inches by 10½ inches.

Other Prints after FRANK H. MASON are—

"THE GOLDEN GALLEON."
"THE 'BOLIVAR'."
"THE ROARING FORTIES."
"THE NIGHT MAIL."
"IN COMPANY."
"LANDFALL."
"WHEN SAILS BEAT STEAM."
"'MUSKOKA' UNDER ALL PLAIN SAIL."

Particulars on application.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

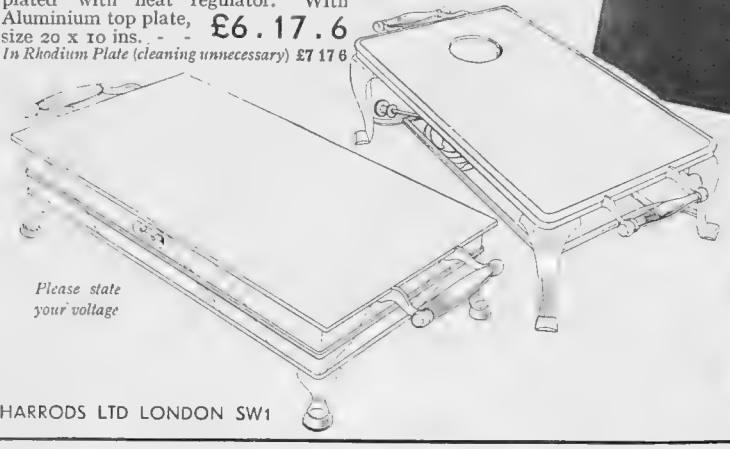
PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

Brighter Breakfasts

with a Harrods Table Heater

This 'difficult' meal is assured of success when late-comers as well as the early birds receive the same piping hot welcome!

- Table Heater in Electro or Chromium Plate, with Aluminium top plate. Three lamps, £5.5.0. Two lamps, £3.15.0. One lamp **£2.7.6**
  Electro-Plate Coffee-Pot (1½ pint) £2 2. E.P. Entrée Dish (Pyrex lining) £3 5
- Table Heater in Electro or Chromium Plate with sliding lamp and coffee-pot ring **£3.10**
- Electric Table Heater, Silver plated with heat regulator. With Aluminium top plate, size 20 x 10 ins. - - **£6.17.6**
  In Rhodium Plate (cleaning unnecessary) **£7 17 6**



Please state your voltage

Harrods

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1

"MINNA"

60/-

Monthly

HOW to DRESS WELL

ON SMALL PAYMENTS THAT PASS UNNOTICED IN YOUR MONTHLY EXPENDITURE

OPEN a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR, the Largest High Class Extended Credit House in Great Britain—the only firm with whom even non householders can open an account without any references or deposit whatever.

VISIT our magnificent showrooms for WINTER COATS, GOWNS, KNITTED-WEAR, FURS, FUR COATS, MILLINERY, SHOES, UNDERCLOTHING.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO CALL, our specially trained Staff in the Mail-Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

"MINNA"

Beautiful Susliki Fur Coat trimmed with marvellous Fox Fur Collar. The skins are diagonally arranged, giving slimness of line. Lined best quality crêpe. Sizes S.W. and W.

Price 18 gns.

WRITE Today for beautifully Illustrated Winter CATALOGUE of Ladies Latest Fashions, sent post free. ADDRESS IN FULL TO DEPT. M.22

Smartwear LTD.

263-271, REGENT STREET, OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.

Phone: Mayfair 6241-2-3-4-5-6.

Brighton: 40-42, West St. Birmingham: 94, Corporation St.
Belfast: 10, Donegall Pl. Nottingham: 20, Milton St.

If there's one thing the smart Englishwoman loathes it's the planned, sports-shop ensemble. She likes collecting her country clothes at random. You'll see her prowling round Nicolls Younger London Floor, pouncing once in a while on a sweater, a skirt, an odd belt or scarf. Later, she'll amalgamate them with this, that and the other in her wardrobe and look stunning. On her next prowl, she might look out for this wool and angel-skin sweater and frieze skirt. Each costs 25/.

NICOLLS

The Clever Woman's Shop

H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD., 120 REGENT STREET, W.1

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

As You Desire Me.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

Clive of India.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Eden End.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine: Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Family Affairs.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Libel!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Malcolm Keen, Austin Trevor, and Doris Lytton: Aldwych, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

Living Dangerously.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Lover's Leap.—A play by Philip Johnson, with Owen Nares as an Egyptologist, Nora Swinburne as his wife, Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Maitlands.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. Last week.

Miracle at Verdun.—A revival of this well-worth-seeing play: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Moonlight is Silver.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Richard II.—A fine performance of the play, with Maurice Evans as Richard and Abraham Sofaer faultless as Bolingbroke: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Royal Baggage.—H. T. Wood's play about Charles II. as statesman and patron of the Arts; Harold Warrender as the King, Elizabeth Maude as Nell Gwyn, Dorothy Black as Lady Castlemaine: Little.

The Shining Hour.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrianne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Theatre Royal.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.

Touch Wood.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

The Wind and the Rain.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

With Music

Blackbirds of 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm, and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg-Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

By Appointment.—A light operetta about George IV. (Charles Mayhew); Maggie Teyte makes a come-back as Mrs. Fitzherbert: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Hi-Diddle-Diddle!—June, John Tilley, and Douglas Byng all at their best in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

Lucky Break.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Merrie England.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Revudeville No. 50.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

Sporting Love.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Streamline.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Yes, Madam?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

Admirals All.—Laura la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

C.I.D.—A crime-play by a vicar, with Olga Lindo, Leon M. Lion, and Peter Haddon to disentangle the ingenuous plot: Playhouse, 8.40. Sat., 2.40.

Hyde Park Corner.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Line Engaged.—Another crime play, with Louise Hampton, Jessica Tandy, Sam Livesey, and Lewis Casson: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Murder in Mayfair.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Queer Cargo.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Ten-Minute Alibi.—Bernard Lee is the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for nearly two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Vintage Wine.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

First Nights

Sweet Aloes.—Jay Mallory's play, with Diana Wynyard, Hartley Power, Kathleen Wilson, Frank Allenby: Wyndham's, October 31st.

Much Ado About Nothing: Old Vic, November 5th.

CINEMAS

The Barretts of Wimpole Street.—Charles Laughton as Mr. Barrett, Norma Shearer as Elizabeth Barrett, Fredric March as Browning, in a well-worth-seeing film: Empire.

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back.—Ronald Colman, debonair as ever, and Loretta Young: London Pavilion.

The Camels are Coming.—Jack Hulbert's new film, where he gets loose in Egypt; Anna Lee is the girl: New Gallery.

The Catspaw.—The latest fantasia of another of the world's king funny-men—Harold Lloyd: Capitol.

Crime Without Passion.—The brilliant Claude Rains film is being shown again; Whitney Bourne and Margo are also in it: Curzon.

He Was Her Man.—New rough-stuff by James Cagney, with Joan Blondell as his girl; also Dancing Fool, with Hal le Roy, Rochelle Hudson, Patricia Ellis: Regal.

Jew Süss.—A great film superbly acted; Conrad Veidt as the Jew, Gerald du Maurier, Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Vosper, Benita Hume: Tivoli.

No Greater Glory.—Full-bodied drama, with George Breakston, Lois Wilson, Ralph Morgan: Leicester Square.

One Night of Love.—Another and excellent singing love-tale with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

Ready for Love.—Comedy and sentiment by Ida Lupino and Richard Arlen; and a comic, Whom the Gods Destroy: Plaza.

The Unfinished Symphony.—An English version of the famous Continental film: Marble Arch Pavilion.

OPERA AND BALLET

At Sadler's Wells—

The Haunted Ballroom and Casse Noisette: To-night, 8.30.

Faust.—With full ballet: October 31st, 8.

The Marriage of Figaro: November 1st, 8.

Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci: November 2nd, 8.

Madam Butterfly: November 3rd, 2.30.

The Barber of Seville: November 3rd, 8.

Agnes de Mille.—First dance recital: Mercury, October 31st.

(*Continued on page* C)

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

INTIMATE AND BOHEMIAN

LUNCH AND DINNER AND SUPPER AT THE

THEATRE RESTAURANT

OPPOSITE THE TIVOLI ● ADJOINING THE VAUDEVILLE

Londons newest rendezvous before and after the Cinema and Theatre

See the new Show, "Lovers' Leap," at the Vaudeville, then supper here afterwards. Aux choix or table d'hote, fully licensed.

Opposite Tivoli

Meet RICCI, THE MAITRE d'HOTEL (Late Savoy)

● TEMPLE BAR 2205 ● 405 STRAND, W.C.2

What's On

(Continued from page B)

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Adrian Boult conducts Holst's Planets, Scriabin's Poem of Fire (pianist, Myra Hess), and Strauss's Also Sprach Zarathustra: Queen's Hall, October 31st, 8.30.

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 40 and Piano Concerto in F (Jan Smeterlin), Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and Haydn's Symphony No. 102: Queen's Hall, November 1st, 8.15.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Memorial Concert for Delius, Elgar and Holst, with the L.P.O., and Mary Jarred and Thelma Reiss as soloists; Malcolm Sargent conducts: Albert Hall, November 3rd, 2.30.

L.S.O.—Hamilton Harty conducts; Wilhelm Backhaus plays Grieg's Concerto in A minor: Queen's Hall, November 5th, 8.15.

Recitals

BRYDEN MONTEITH and DOROTHY DONALDSON, with the Modern Chamber Orchestra: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.15.

SIDNEY HARRISON.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

ANDRIES ROODENBURG.—Violin recital: Aeolian Hall, October 31st, 8.30.

FRANCOIS LANG.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, November 1st, 8.30.

SEGOVIA.—The famous Spanish guitarist, gives a recital: Wigmore Hall, November 2nd, 8.30.

TRIO DE LA COUR DE BELGIQUE.—In a Beethoven-Brahms-Goossens programme: Aeolian Hall, November 2nd, 8.15.

SCHNABEL.—Second of his seven Mozart-Schubert-Schumann recitals: Queen's Hall, November 3rd, 3 p.m.

HAROLD BAUER.—His programme includes Brahms' Sonata in F minor, and Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue: Aeolian Hall, November 3rd, 3.15.

ROBERT KITAIN.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall, November 3rd, 3 p.m.

OLIVE JOHNSON.—Song recital, with Joseph Slater (flute): Aeolian Hall, November 5th, 8.30.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: At 5a, Pall Mall East.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF OIL PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

CONTEMPORARY INDUSTRIES DESIGN: Dorland Hall, to November 3rd.

DANCING AND DINING

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Walsh and Barker sing some songs; Louis Simmonds and his band play extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—The Yacht Club Boys are back in London, and are they popular? Jack Harris is here, and is he popular? extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band, and José Norman and his Cubans; Ronald Frankau appears at midnight.

CARLTON.—Special cabaret and dance band every Tuesday (extension); dancing other nights to Tapponier's band.

DORCHESTER.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night Thursday.

ODDENINO'S.—In the restaurant one can dine and dance; in the Bavarian brasserie one can eat and drink Continental fashion.

SILVER GRILL, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—A good place to dine on the Folkestone road; really excellent food, including caviare and oysters, and service.

THEATRE RESTAURANT.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

BEAUTIFORM

Holding World's Patent Rights for this Garment

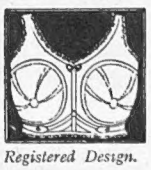
Trade Mark

A REVELATION OF FIGURE CONTROL.

THROW AWAY YOUR CORSET and wear a Beautiform Garment which eliminates this unsightly bulge Perfect Fit without obligation to purchase.

BREAST REDUCER

SUPPORTS! UPLIFTS! STRENGTHENS! REDUCES!



Eliminates disfigurement and distress following amputation.

BEAUTIFORM Versus CORSET

Registered Design.

78 BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQ. (Dept. B.) LONDON, W.1 Welbeck 9121.

From the 'DEBUTANTES' floor at Marshall & Snelgrove's . . . .

SPORTS SKIRTS

CLOTHES for the 'Sports' girl are a special feature at Marshall & Snelgrove's. Here you can depend on finding the correct mode of the moment at prices which are extremely moderate. The two Sports Skirts shown in this announcement serve to demonstrate the remarkable value obtainable, and will be sent on approval if desired.

For SKATING . . .

Skating skirt for young ladies made in fine repp cloth in full circular shape with gored sections. In Black, Bottle Green, Nigger Brown, and Wine; 4 sizes. Priced at 39/6

Wool Beret in all colours, **10/6**

and GOLF . . .

Very smart golfing skirt in the new divided shape falling in box pleats. Beautifully cut, in fine brown check tweed. Stocked in three sizes and two qualities, priced at

49/6 *and* 59/6

All Wool Beret in all colours, **10/6**

WRITE FOR THE NEW CATALOGUES—FREE ON REQUEST.

Marshall & Snelgrove

Tel. Mayfair 6600 Debenhams Ltd

VERE ST. & OXFORD ST. LONDON W.1.

Models designed for Small Ladies

from the collection of specially designed small-sized models from our Small Women's Salon on the Third Floor

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

. . . by Debenhams

A picture Frock in taffeta, with attractively arranged frilled skirt, and new décolleté. In leaf green with facings of coral on sash, etc. Also in blue and cyclamen, and other colours.

To order

9½ Gns.

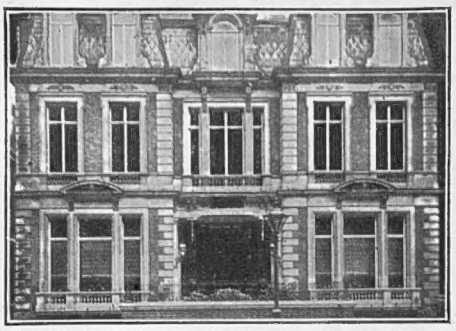
Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE ST., W.1

(Debenhams Ltd.)

KENSINGTON'S PERFECT SPA

For the Culture of Health and Beauty



THE most wonderful Turkish Baths and every kind of Bath that has ever been invented — Vichy Brine, Wax, Pine Needle, Foam, Aeration and Sulphur, also Radiant Heat, have been opened at a wonderful old Mansion, 4, Palace Gate. The Turkish Baths are all of the Roman period, in Marble and Mosaic, with a beautiful old Roman marble Swimming Pool. You would imagine the same baths existed thousands of years ago. Seneca, the Roman Philosopher, exclaimed: "Have Baths become Palaces?" And one could imagine that they lived in that period, but, of course, they never had the perfect up-to-date baths that we have to-day. No one need have rheumatism, sciatica, uric acid or any toxine poisoning. Every one of these impurities can be washed away from the system, and the wonderful Spasel Salts that are sold in bottles to-day at 2/6 will help towards purifying the system.

These Salts are the concentrated salts from celebrated Springs, and have been tested by the greatest physicians. They cleanse and keep the whole system in perfect condition. Take half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water every morning before breakfast. With these salts, and a course of six treatments, one's body would be in an ideal condition. If one is thin, the bath will only take away the impurities of the body, and will not make one thinner, but if one is stout, with one of these baths one can lose at least 3 lbs. every time you take a bath; this is the ideal manner to reduce and without any drugs, most of which have thyroid in them which upsets the heart.

At Kensington Spa there have been some miraculous cures. Very old ladies—as old as 80 years—have come to Kensington Spa, crippled with Rheumatism, and after a few treatments can walk as freely as anyone.

Also we have Beauty Salons which are taken from all different periods, where great painters have used their art in a wonderful manner, exhibiting all the lovely ladies of the time of Gainsborough. We also have great beauty experts, who can take away all the lines from the face, and all the sagging muscles can be lifted up and the contour of youth will come back to your face. We have chiropodists who have the wonderful gift of taking all the tiredness and pains from your feet, also hairdressers who can dress your hair in the modern styles of to-day, including the plastic treatment. Every kind of Beauty treatment can be had at Kensington Spa. It has the most luxurious Salons in the World, and the charges are very moderate. The most ideal creams to use are these creams.

Cleansing Cream for removing all impurities from the skin so that you do not use soap.

If the skin is impoverished, a splendid Cream is Tangerine Skin Food, and Sarina Skin Tonic for brightening and toning up the skin and strengthening the muscles, and also Astringent Lotions for tightening up the pores of the skin.

EVERYTHING TO AID BEAUTY CAN BE HAD AT THESE BEAUTY SALONS

Cleansing Cream 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6
Tangerine Skin Food 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6
Sarina Skin Tonic 3/6, 8/6, 15/6, 25/-
Astringent Lotion 6/6, 12/6, 25/-
Creme Rouge in various tints: Shell Rose, Tangerine, Terra-cotta, 4/6 a pot. (*Postage paid.*)

No need for appointment. Advice given free either by telephone or a visit to 4, Palace Gate, Kensington. 'Phone: Western 6633, or write to (Dept. B.2) for a beautiful illustrated booklet and full information on how to keep in perfect health.

THE HOUSE FOR PRESENTS

"EXO" WRITING CASE

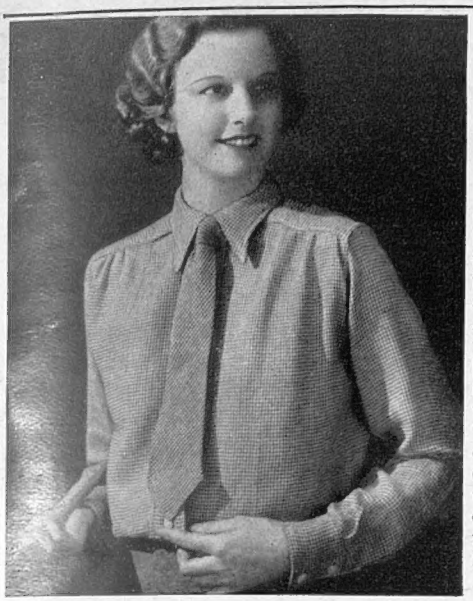
with patent adjustable frame. Folds very flat. Made in all colours Morocco, also Calf, Seal, Crocodile.

In various sizes from **21/-**

A visit to Finnigans Showrooms will solve your Gift Problems.

Finnigans ACTUAL MAKERS

17-20 NEW BOND St., LONDON, W.1.



THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON

Wouldn't you love one, or, better still, several of these very attractive Aertex blouses. They are so beautifully cut and tailored. Comfortable too, because they are made in the famous Aertex cellular weave .... that healthful fabric that keeps out the cold, but is never stuffy. Illustrated, is the "Rita" style in Aertex "Tweed Twist." They are only 9/11 each. Also in other attractive styles. Ask to see the complete range of blouses. Obtainable in the latest Autumn colour harmonies.

Where you can buy AERTEX

Obtainable from the following Aertex depots or through the usual agents. Apply for patterns and catalogue.

London : *Oliver Bros. Ltd., 455, Oxford St., W.1.*
...ons Ltd., 177, Piccadilly, W.1.
... Scott Ltd., 9 Cheapside, E.C.2.
...tex Depot, 2, Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Sutton, Surrey: *Oliver Bros. Ltd., 124, High St.*
Bournemouth : *Oliver Bros. Ltd., 84, Old Christchurch Rd.*
Liverpool : *Oliver Bros. Ltd., 4, Bold St.*
Southsea : *McDonald Woods, 59, Palmerston Rd.*
Australian Enquiries to : *The Cellular Clothing Co. Ltd., 313, Flinders Lane, Melbourne.*

AERTEX *Blouses*

W.1.
WT. OF THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO., LTD., 72/73, FORE STREET, E.C.2.

A signature coiffeur from the House of Emile. This hairdressing expresses the sheer delight of a contrast ! The flattening of the hair is a new brush wave, and the smart side cluster of curls is produced after point winding.

The finest Permanent Treatments.
Unsurpassed Beauty Treatments.
Tinting. Dyeing.
Modern Manicure.
Postiche, Eyelashes, etc.

EMILE LTD.

24/25, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

Telegrams : "Ondulateur, Piccy, London." 'Phone : Mayfair 6263 (3 lines).

DEKUR TURTLE OIL CREAM
BANISH WRINKLES
1'6
REGULAR SIZES 7'6 & 12'6
SEND FOR SAMPLE
DEKUR PREPARATIONS
IMPERIAL HOUSE REGENT ST. LONDON W.1

TANGIER

"THE NEAREST EAST."
NEVER TOO HOT—NEVER TOO COLD.
SPEND XMAS IN SUNNY TANGIER
ALL INFORMATION :—
OFFICIAL TOURIST OFFICE, TANGIER.

THE
WINTER SPORTS SPECIAL
TO SWITZERLAND AND AUSTRIA

NINE DAYS FROM £9.9.0
DEPARTURES FROM LONDON
DEC. 22nd, 28th AND JAN. 3rd

SPECIAL PROGRAMME FROM **DEAN AND DAWSON LTD**

81 PICCADILLY, W.1 'PHONE : GROS. 2873/6

AND BRANCHES

YOU CAN AFFORD TO SMILE

when you have teeth as white as mine . . . And here's the little secret of their snowiness. Liquid dentifrice—Dr. Pierre's—fragrant oils of cinnamon, mint, cloves, and aniseed . . . marvellously refreshing in the mouth . . . cleans every oral cavity . . . more antiseptic than chemicals, too.

Dr. PIERRE'S Liquid DENTIFRICE

A Dentifrice for the Discriminating. Sold by Chemists and High-Class Stores at 2/-, 3/6, 5/6, 8/6, or post free from : SAVORY & MOORE, LTD., 61, WELBECK STREET, W.1

NOVIO TOILET PAPER

Rolls, Packets & Cartons —most economical. Sold everywhere.
THIN Soft Strong Silky
See the 'Lancet's' opinion, 27th July, 1907

BE TALLER ! CLIENTS GAIN ! 2 to 6 INCHES !
Increased my own height to 6' 3½" ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough England (P O Box 15.)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

the flower of English manhood was dying in Flanders fields. More than a million were to die before Peace came in 1918.

The British Legion exists to-day to honour their memory by helping those of their comrades who survived only to suffer totally undeserved hardships and privations.

The Legion's work for ex-service men includes—relieving distress—workshops and homes for disabled—finding employment—sanatorium for tuberculous—care of war orphans—pensions for prematurely aged—assistance for blind, etc.

PLEASE HELP THE LEGION TO HELP
by paying generously for your Poppy on

POPPY DAY
NOV. 10th.

and, if you are able, by sending a donation to Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., HAIG'S FUND, 23, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE BYSTANDER
when replying to their announcements.

BENGER'S Food
Retained when all other Foods are rejected.

The CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Whatever your "fancy" you will want to know what "Rapier" writes in The SPORTING AND DRAMATIC. For more than fifty years this "knowing bird" has been a favourite with sportsmen and sportswomen who love the thrill of the turf

Yet the writings of "Rapier" are but a small part of the entertaining contents of The SPORTING AND DRAMATIC. Every phase of current sport is featured pictorially each week, and below you will see the names of those who contribute regularly to its columns.

We are certain that you would enjoy The SPORTING AND DRAMATIC—why not order it from your regular newsagent this week or get it at the bookstall on your way home? But we also invite you to read the sporting offer below. If you take advantage of it—as you should—we believe you will want to enjoy the SPORTING AND DRAMATIC every week; and of course, this is a paper you can pass on to friends living near to your home, and overseas.

Contributors to the SPORTING & DRAMATIC include:

ANGLING	*Major Kenneth Dawson. Major J. W. Seigne. Dr. J. C. Mottram. "West Country." Guy C. Pollock. P. D. Malloch.*
BIG GAME	*Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. Brig. Gen. R. G. Burton.*
BLOODSTOCK BREEDING	*Cecil Leveson Gower.*
COUNTRY HOUSE	*Sir Edward Anson, Bart.*
DOGS	*A. Croxton Smith. Leslie Sprake (Gundogs). Colonel Hubert Wilson (Hound Breeding).*
FIELD TRIALS	*Colonel Hubert Wilson.*
GOLF	*"A Roving Player." Miss Eleanor E. Helme. Lt. Colonel Cyril Foley.*
NATURAL HISTORY	*H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S H. Morrey Salmon. The Marquess of Tavistock. Ian M. Thompson. Captain H. A. Gilbert. Major Anthony Buxton.*
HUNTING	*Sir Charles Frederick. Bart. D Livingstone-Learmonth. Lord Willoughby de Broke, M.F.H. Sir Alfred Pease, Bart. Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough and the special corps of hunting correspondents.*
RACING	*"Rapier." Major J. Fairfax-Blakeborough.*
ROWING	*Steve Fairbairn.*
RUGBY	*Captain H. B. T. Wakelam. E. W. Swanton (Public Schools).*
SHOOTING	*Major George Cornwallis West. Patrick Chalmers. Captain J. B. Drought. Richard Clapham. Lt. Colonel Cyril Foley. Leslie Sprake. Edgar Page. Hon. R. P. de Grey. D. J. W. Edwardes. J. C. M. Nichols.*
HOME FARMING	*Hon. James Best. T. B. Goucher.*
YACHTING	*A. Heckstall Smith. Maurice Griffiths. Lt. Commander Kinnersley Saul.*

Downland PARTRIDGE Shooting. Great Schools in Sport—No. 8: DOWNSIDE. Should RABBIT TRAPPING be abolished? FOXHUNTING with Shotgun and Shovel. GOLF — the Worplesdon Foursomes. The Newmarket of PONY RACING.

A "SPORTING" OFFER YOU SHOULD TAKE

If you are not a regular reader and would care to write to The Publisher, SPORTING AND DRAMATIC, at the address below, giving him the name and address of your usual newsagent, he will gladly arrange for a copy of a current issue to be delivered to your home free of all charge.

Please address your letter to:

The Publisher, Sporting and Dramatic News, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.